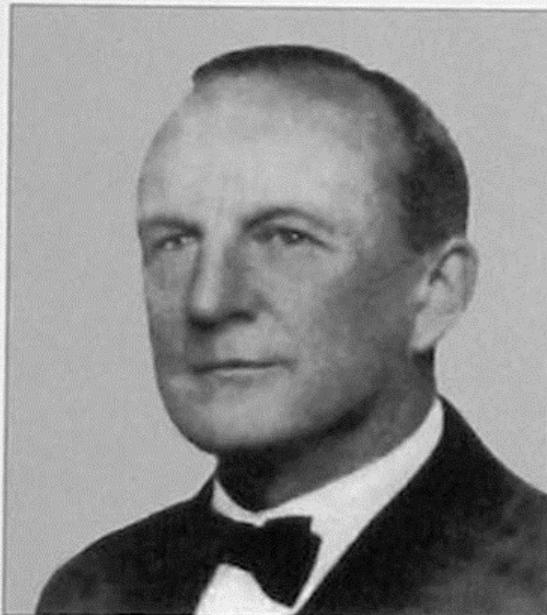


New Zealand's Greatest Doctor

Ulric Williams

**of Wanganui – a Surgeon
who became a Naturopath**



**Learn how this NZ doctor totally healed almost
every patient, even the most severe cases.**

Brenda Sampson

New Zealand's Greatest Doctor Ulric Williams of Wanganui: a Surgeon who became a Naturopath

Brenda Sampson

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Introduction

A significant event in the history of modern medicine was the 1910 Flexner report on medical education.

Abraham Flexner who was sponsored by the American Medical Association, who were in turn funded by the Carnegie and Rockefeller families (both investors in the pharmaceutical industry) recommended that pharmaceutical medicine be taught in medical schools, and that all health care practitioners should be “*scientists, rigorously trained*” in these schools.

This recommendation was accepted, thereby excluding preventive medicine, nutrition, alternative therapies, natural healing, etc from being taught.

Scientific medicine was drug therapy, and since then Western medical schools have concentrated on drug therapy, backed up by surgery. Preventive medicine, nutrition and natural therapies have been ignored. The result has been over 90 years of escalating disease rates.

In 1936 the first Labour Government introduced free medical service in New Zealand. They thought it would lead to an ideal society with perfect health. But a medical service wedded to drugs and surgery has produced the opposite – steadily increasing disease rates.

This increasing disease rate, plus escalating wage rates over the past 40 years, have now bankrupted the free medical service and the government that provided it. Medical service as we have known it since 1936, is being dismantled. From now on, middle-class New Zealanders will have to pay for medical care, ie, pay as much as they can afford, and beyond that, go without.

But do we really need medical care that helps to increase disease rates? Dr Ulric Williams who worked as a surgeon in Wanganui Hospital thought otherwise. He said, “*Hospitals are disease factories.*”

He once told me. “*I never became a real doctor until I forgot 95% of what I learned at Edinburgh.*” (Edinburgh University, where he received his medical education, then considered the best medical school in the world.)

For the past 60 years people have eaten themselves into a state of affluent malnutrition on tempting, addictive, sweet tasting non-foods provided by food manufacturers. They then turn to an obliging medical service to take away their pains with drugs and surgery. This is coming to an end. Being sick will soon be a luxury only the wealthy can afford. The onus will be on ordinary people to keep themselves well, as it used to be.

I have a letter written home to England by a Wellington settler in the 1840's. He says, “*This must be the healthiest country in the whole world. I have never even had a cold since I have been here, in spite of having been wet to the skin countless times, with both fresh and salt water.*”

Dr Ulric Williams said, “*Doctor means teacher. A doctor's chief duty is to teach people how to be well.*” I went to him with arthritis in 1942. I stayed two months in his residential clinic and came home in perfect health, better than I had ever known. When I thanked him he said, “*I did not cure you. Only God can heal. Actually what I did was to teach you how to cure yourself. This will be useful to you for all your life.*” And so it has been.

We don't need medical training to learn how to get well and stay well. It is a simple secret. Dr Williams summed it up in a few basic rules.

His first rule of health was, “*Never eat when you are not hungry. Man is the only animal that hasn't enough sense to stop eating when he is sick. If you get an infection, treat it as a Healing*

Crisis. Fast for two to three days, drink plenty of water, take some form of Vitamin C. Your body will use the fever to burn up toxic wastes and cleanse itself.”

Another rule concerning life-style, “Foods need to be fresh, natural, whole and simple. Food as God made it, not as man mucks about with it. Water to drink. Every other creature on earth is satisfied with water to quench its thirst. The most important food is oxygen. Without it we die in three minutes, whereas we can live without water for days, and without food for weeks. The best way to increase oxygen intake is to exercise in fresh air.”

And the spiritual dimension, “Our whole self needs peace. Peace comes from thoughts of love, faith, and forgiveness. Faith means expecting good to happen, instead of expecting bad. Love means seeing good in all things, even things we don't like. To see good is the attitude of love. Forgiveness means saying, ‘It doesn't matter!’ Forgiveness means saying to oneself, ‘If I forgive this person, God can use my forgiveness to put things right.’ Forgiveness means saying to oneself, ‘This person did the best they could with the knowledge and awareness and understanding they had at the time, I set them free from my condemnation.’”

Summed up, the secret of health lies in what we put in our mouths, the exercise we give our legs, and the thoughts we hold in our minds. The human body is an incredibly marvellous instrument if we give it the respect it deserves in these areas. It will repay us with good health. Hip replacements and artificial hearts will be unnecessary, also hospitalisation for both mental and physical disease, medication, surgery and shock treatment.

Brenda Sampson.

Who was Dr Ulric Williams of Wanganui?

He was born at Putiki near Wanganui in 1890, a great grandson of Henry Williams who came to New Zealand as a missionary in 1823.

Ulric's father was an Anglican minister employed in the Maori Mission at Putiki near Wanganui. Maybe he had a stern upbringing? I met Ulric's sister about 1973 when she was in her nineties and she said, "*We were never allowed to go to birthday parties.*"

She also told me that he was always a good athlete. She once watched him play rugby at a secondary school match, and he kicked a goal from his own 25 yard line, a distance of 75 yards.

As an adult he was a Christian, but not a churchgoer. He thought that orthodox Christianity concentrated too much on sin, not enough on the lovingness of God. Perhaps this was more true in his youth than it is today. My own thought is that God is Love. He doesn't want us to serve him. He wants us to use him. When we do this he is able to repair and heal every trouble.

Dr Williams was a compassionate and intuitive man. A woman told me, "*He was our family doctor in the Great Depression. My mother had Tuberculosis. My father was unemployed and was using his time to train as a Presbyterian minister. We had very little money. Dr Williams used to come every week to see my mother, both arms loaded with fresh fruit and vegetables.*"

(In the Great Depression from 1928 to 1936, the only benefit was a widow's benefit. There was no unemployment benefit. Men were paid ten shillings a week if they would leave home to go into road-making camps. There were no bulldozers. It was hard labour with shovels, and a sledge hammer to break stones. Men would live in these camps and each week send their ten shillings home to their families.)

Ulric Williams trained as a doctor at Cambridge and Edinburgh Universities. He graduated in 1918, and after military service in the NZ Medical Corps in the UK where he became a Captain, he returned to Wanganui where he worked as an honorary surgeon at the Wanganui Hospital.

In the early 1930's, during the depth of the Great Depression, there was a mass meeting of the unemployed in Wanganui and an archdeacon came from Wellington to address the meeting. He said, "*This depression is not God's will. If everyone here would go home, and kneel down, and offer his life to God, the depression would be over in a fortnight!*"

Dr Williams did just that, and said that as he did so, he had a vision of Jesus in the room with him, accepting his offer. It came at a time of crisis in his life. He was dissatisfied with surgery as a means of healing. He saw the human body as a marvellous creation and surgery seemed like mutilating it. He asked God to show him a better way of healing. The answer came in a strange way.

He was at a picnic on the Wanganui River and was sitting next to an attractive woman, who asked how he liked the picnic? He answered, "*Very nice, except that I don't like the food much!*"

The food was all health food; fresh fruit, salads, sandwiches of wholemeal bread, etc. She said, "*I'm sorry, I arranged the food*", and then told him her story. Her family name was Reid. She had a little daughter aged nine with a tubercular hip. Before antibiotics were invented about 1939, Tuberculosis was usually fatal. Mrs Reid took her daughter all over Europe looking for a cure.

Her search ended at a health farm in England run by Stanley Lief, where her child recovered on a diet of raw fruit and vegetables (living foods).

Ulric Williams said, “*Do you know, a fortnight ago I was asking God to lead me to someone who could teach me about diet.*”

Mrs Reid said, “*A fortnight ago I was on my knees, asking God to lead me to a doctor who would be interested in diet.*” So they joined forces and he opened a Convalescent Home. There were three in Wanganui eventually. I went to one of these homes in 1942.

Natural therapy does not believe in germs as the cause of disease. The basic principal is that the body makes use of germs to clean itself. When a toxic state occurs, germs multiply and temperature rises. Heat is therapeutic, if the person follows the Nature Cure procedure for cleansing the body. This is done by fasting, drinking water and citrus juices copiously, using an enema, and taking exercise in fresh air. I have used Dr Williams' method of dealing with infections since 1942 and can testify that it works.

An infectious disease is a Healing Crisis, and should not be suppressed with antibiotics. A person who treats an infection with Nature Cure methods comes out of it with a feeling of well-being, quite different from the jaded state of those treated with antibiotics. These tend to say to their friends, “*I've had flu and it has left me with this awful bronchitis*” or “*I've had flu and I can't shake off this cough.*”

This is because the conditions that the body was trying to clean up are still there. And if the person continues to suppress nature's attempts to remove them, the body will eventually succumb to a chronic disease.

I once wrote to a doctor interested in diet and nutrition who had asked for information about Ulric Williams and his Nature Cure. Below is part of that letter.

The basis of natural therapy is that germs don't harm us if we are well. I heard this on the radio once in a talk called “*Why does food go bad?*” The speaker, a scientist, began by saying that all living organisms have a symbiotic arrangement with smaller organisms such as bacteria. The bacteria do no harm to the larger creatures, because as long as the latter are alive, they have defence mechanisms against the germs. After death the defence mechanisms no longer operate, the corpse becomes food, and the bacteria eat it. Their excreta are stinking and sometimes poisonous and this is what we call ‘gone bad’.

The reason why meat goes bad more quickly than fruit is that fruit takes longer to die, it does not die immediately it is picked off the tree. When I heard this I thought, “If a germ is harmless to a person who is fully alive (ie, healthy) we must be in the process of gradually dying, like a fruit, before we catch a contagious disease. It is not (as we think) that when we have flu we are sick. We catch flu because we are sick, ie, not fully alive. Natural therapy and diet therapy believe that this “not-fully-aliveness” is caused by toxins accumulating in the body.

In his book “*Health and Healing in the New Age*” Dr Williams described the sources of these toxins. He believed very strongly in the Life Force and the body's power to heal itself. When conditions making a person sick are removed, the body grows back to health, as surely as a plant that has had a plank over it grows upright to the light when the plank is removed.

My own contacts with Ulric Williams

Here is my own story (Brenda Sampson):

During 1940 and 1941 I was a student at Wellington Teachers College. In 1942 after graduating I taught Standard 2 at Kilbirnie Primary School near my home in Hataitai.

These were not happy years for me. As a child I had been shy and timid, useless at sports, but intelligent and capable in other ways. But as a teacher I felt incapable. For decades afterwards I had nightmares of finding myself in front of a class and not knowing what to say.

In normal times I would have found more congenial work, but in the 1940's we were in the middle of the Second World War, and the Manpower Regulations made it illegal to leave the teaching profession while the war lasted. One could leave to get married, or to join the forces. But no one asked me to marry, and I was a pacifist at heart. I remember crying myself to sleep because I felt trapped in a job I hated, and I didn't know how long the war would last.

My health was also not good. While I was at Training College I had visited a student friend and spent the evening in her tiny bed-sitting room, sitting on her low bed with a window behind me. A cold draught from a southerly wind was leaking through the window. When I came to stand up I couldn't stand straight. The hollow in my back had disappeared and I was locked in a leaning forward position. In the small of my back were two muscles standing out like taut, inch thick ropes. There was acute lower back pain, and sciatica.

The first doctor I consulted said I had muscular adhesions. He recommended manipulation under general anaesthetic to break down the adhesions. This I distrusted and refused. So he referred me to the Physiotherapy Department at the Wellington hospital. For months I attended there daily after 4 pm. They gave me deep heat treatment which felt heavenly, but it was followed by exercises of the touch-your-toes type, which made the pain worse than ever. I would catch a tram home and buy a threepenny bar of Sante chocolate every day to cheer me up as I hobbled up the steep hill home.

In the summer of 1941-42 I caught the measles, a light dose. With the fever the pain left, except for a tiny twinge in the right hip that seemed to say, "You haven't finished with me yet, I'll be back next winter."

With such a negative expectation it did come back, as bad as ever. This time I consulted Dr Alexander Gillies, the orthopaedic specialist at the public hospital, later knighted. He had my back X-rayed and diagnosed arthritis in the sacra-iliac joint. My mother went with me to the appointment. She asked, "Could it be psychological? Brenda always has a lot of pain when she does the washing." (In 1942 we didn't have a washing machine and washing meant boiling the clothes in a copper, lifting the heavy wet clothes out with a copper stick, wringing them with a hand-ringer, and carrying the heavy load up steps to a clothes line.)

In reply to my mother's question, Dr Gillies picked up the X-ray plate by the corner and waved it in front of her face. He said, "Oh no Mrs Pownall, this is a genuine disease."

She asked whether it could be cured. He replied in a gloomy, pontificating kind of voice, "Well, we'll see, she's young. We'll try gold injections."

But we didn't try them. I was learning singing at the time and my teacher said, "Go to Dr Ulric Williams, he cured my sister when she was dying." (Her sister was my age and had very acute colitis. She lived on a diet of nothing but strained orange juice for ten months and got

better.)

By this time I was teaching at Kilbirnie School. It was August and I had two weeks holiday. Dr Williams lived at Wanganui. So I rang and arranged to go there for a fortnight to stay in one of his Homes. But I stayed two months.

The home was in Aramoho, on the banks of the Wanganui river and was run by two sisters Maisie and Bess Westwood. I arrived there about 5.30pm, after a gruelling trip in the train. It was a bitterly cold day with southerly wind and rain. The vibration of the train had made my back ache. We had stopped for twenty minutes at Palmerston North where I sat in the waiting room beside a smoking coal fire that gave out no heat. I listened to two other women talking about a friend with arthritis who was now in a wheelchair.

When I entered the Home, Sister Maisie welcomed me and showed me my room. I immediately dropped and broke a small mirror. It seemed a bad omen. Afterwards I waited in the sitting room for Dr Williams who would see me at 6pm. I sat beside another sulky fire feeling tired and depressed.

When the doctor came in, his first words were, "*The world is a beautiful and wonderful place. If you don't see it that way, you are looking at it upside-down!*" I was very surprised at such an unmedical remark and hadn't the least idea what he meant.

As it turned out the home proved to be an extremely pleasant place. It was a big wooden house facing the river, with a beautiful garden. The two sisters who ran it were kind and friendly in every way. We were always welcome in the big old-fashioned kitchen which was warmed by a large glowing coal range. I remember a patient with bowel cancer who made carrot juice in the kitchen every day.

The routine at the home was simple and natural. The day began with a drink of hot water and lemon juice served at 7am. Breakfast was served in one's room at 8am – a tray with two or three pieces of raw fruit, a glass of milk, and a tiny dish with a tablespoon of wheat germ moistened with milk, and some nuts and dried fruit added.

Lunch was a cooked meal of vegetables and a protein dish. Meat twice a week, and on other days a dish made from eggs, fish, legumes or nuts. Sister Maisie's nut roast was superb.

The evening meal always included a raw vegetable salad and home-made biscuits or scones. These were made with wholemeal flour and without sugar. The scones were broken open and rebaked until the new tops were light brown, crusty and delicious.

Drinks, after the early morning lemon drink were, mid-morning – hot water flavoured with Vegemite, mid-afternoon – a cup of weak tea for those who wanted it (but most were out walking), and evenings – hot water with lemon juice and a little honey. At other times water was available in the kitchen.

A woman came at 10am each day to give us physical exercises. Bedtime was 9pm.

On weekdays Dr Ulric Williams would come at 11am and talk to the patients for an hour about healing. On sunny days we all sat in the garden for these meetings. But when it was cold we would gather in the kitchen where I warmed my back against the coal range while the doctor spoke.

In these talks he would express his philosophy of healing. He would say, "*All disease comes from one of two places, either an unhealthy way of life with poor diet, drinking and smoking, lack of exercise. Or else it comes from unhappiness in the mind and spirit.*"

As I grow older I have come to see that the second is the more basic cause, because when people are unhappy they tend to live in an unhealthy way.

Because Ulric Williams believed that happiness was a basic essential for health, he tried to teach people how to live happily by throwing out fear and expecting good. He taught us that belief is a very powerful force which tends to produce the thing believed. If we expect bad things to happen, we are afraid, and our fear tends to produce the thing feared. If we expect good things to happen this is faith, and our faith helps to produce the good we expect. Jesus said, "*It shall be to you according to your faith.*" Ulric Williams defined faith as "*Expecting good.*"

Another of his sayings which proved important in my case was, "*You cannot hope to be healed unless you throw out all fear and all resentment. These cause hormones to be secreted in the brain which are very potent, and very toxic in excess.*"

Now over fifty years later, it is being realised that the brain, as well as being the seat of the mind and the organ of thought, is also the most important gland in the body.

Ulric Williams' way of throwing out fear was to believe in a loving Heavenly Father who loves us and protects us in every situation, as long as we believe this enough to trust Him. The only thing that blocks us from receiving this protection is our own fear, He always emphasised that "*God is good*", and wrote the word God like this Go(o)d.

But one day he said, "*I try not to use the word God. People have so many misconceptions about this word that it is a barrier to communication. I try instead to use the words 'Life' and 'the Life Force.'*"

He said often, "*Life will bring you everything good, as long as you trust it.*"

A good way of throwing out resentment is forgiveness. I once asked a group of six year olds what forgiveness means. A bright eyed little girl said, "Forgiveness means saying it doesn't matter."

Ulric Williams said, "*We have so much! How can we be resentful?*"

Another day he said, "*You must believe in healing and expect healing. Believe that God loves you and wants to heal you, and can heal you.*"

He taught that there is natural healing power in the body known to ancient doctors who called it 'vis medicatrix', 'vis' means power, 'mediatrix' means healing.

Another important saying of his was, "*All disease comes from fear. A doctor's first duty is to allay fear.*"

He wrote to the Wellington Hospital and asked them to send the X-ray plate of my back. When he examined it he said to me, "*There is only a little arthritis there. It can easily get better.*" This eased my mind and comforted me.

He didn't mention arthritis again, but one day he said, "*Do you know why you have backache?*"

I said, "No."

He said, "*If a person is very unhappy and can't find a way out of the unhappiness, the body will create a way out through illness.*"

I thought, "The pain is worse than the school teaching. If that is the only way out, I would rather stay in." So when I was better I went back to teaching, quite happily until the war was over. I had never mentioned that I disliked teaching, it was a hunch on his part. But he did say that, "*In his experience the two professions that cause the most illness, are teaching, and the Church.*" Maybe because they are the most stressful professions.

I knew about the stress of school teaching, though I must say that in the 1940's teaching was easier than it is today. Children were docile and teachable. They sat quietly at their desks from

9am to 3pm.

In seven years I never met a hyperactive child. The word didn't exist then. Though I did hear of one such child from another teacher, who was astonished at his behaviour.

Also in seven years, I never met a dyslexic child, or one who couldn't read by the age of seven. And I met only one asthmatic child. Her name was Janet. I was warned about Janet's asthma, but it was mild, she never had an attack at school in the year I taught her. Today 30% of children are asthmatic or wheezy.

I was surprised at the stress of being a clergyman. I was so curious that one day I said to one, "Are you a happy man?" He got very angry with me.

Shortly after I came to the Home the doctor put me on a special diet. All I had at each meal was two apples and two glasses of milk, three times a day for nearly two months. No tea or grain foods, which were my addictions, and to which I was probably allergic.

He told me to take a teaspoon of Cascara (a laxative) before bed, and every morning a teaspoon of Epsom salts (Magnesium Sulphate which is also a laxative and a source of dietary Magnesium and Sulphur) in water. I was so hungry that I enjoyed the apples and milk very much. Eaten together they tasted delicious.

No one in the Home stayed in bed. We were encouraged to walk in the afternoon for as far as we were able. Sometimes I walked to Wanganui and back, or along the ridge road that followed the river. Sometimes with another patient but often alone. I enjoyed these walks.

Sometimes while walking I would have clear spiritual insights which seemed to help healing. I felt they came from God and was a bit conceited at being so honoured. Now I think they also came from the good food I was eating which cleared my mind and made it work better.

At the Home I shared a room with another young woman, May Lee. In 1942 rubber and plastic mattresses had not been invented. Making a bed consisted of stripping it, turning over the mattress, and replacing the sheets and blankets. The mattress was heavy. Lifting it would set my back aching and it would ache all day.

One morning I lay in bed watching May make her bed. She flipped her mattress over lightly. So lightly that I thought enviously, "I would give anything to be able to turn my mattress so easily without pain."

Another thought followed, "Perhaps if I make a mental picture of myself doing this I will be able to?" So I did, and that day it was easy and painless. Then I thought, "I will never envy another person again. Envy means one has a mental picture of oneself lacking the thing desired. This belief in lack perpetuates the lack. If I picture myself having the good thing I desire, my belief will help it to happen."

I learnt something else about belief at the Wanganui Convalescent Home. When I had arthritis, my bedtime practice for many months had been to fill a hot water bottle, take a painkiller and go to bed. About 2am I would awake in pain, crawl out of bed to reheat the bottle, take another pill and go back to bed, hoping to go to sleep again.

In the Convalescent Home this continued, until the matron Sister Maisie gave me a small book to read. It was called "Your Word is Your Wand" by Florence Shinn. It claimed that anything you say with belief and conviction will come true.

I decided to use it to cure the habit of waking in pain during the night. So I said out loud, "Tonight I will go to sleep and wake at 7am."

This was so hard to believe that I seemed to feel my brain stretch physically when I did it. To prove my belief I put the pills in the rubbish bin outside, and left my slippers and dressing-gown in the wardrobe ten feet away across a wooden floor with no carpet. Then I went to bed.

I had the worst night ever. I woke at 2am as usual, refilled the hottie, but had no painkillers. I finally went to sleep at 6.30am and woke on the tick of 7am.

The book had said, "Sometimes the first result may be disappointing, but regard even the tiniest success as a leaf on the water, indicating that full success is near. I thought, "My faith worked. I said I would awake at 7am and I did. Only I said the wrong thing. I should have said that I would sleep all night and awake at seven." So the next night I said that, and I did it. I never awoke in pain at 2am again.

In later years I interviewed some of Ulric Williams' ex-patients. They said, "*He didn't only cure me, he changed my whole life!*"

He did this for me too. One day when I was out walking, I suddenly saw what was meant by his first words to me, "*The world is a beautiful and wonderful place. If you don't see it that way you are looking at it upside down.*"

As a child I had no social skills and no school friends. My only playmate was a cousin who lived opposite. Ours was the only old shabby house in a fairly new suburb, and I avoided telling anyone where I lived.

With no skills at sports, reading was my chief pastime. But in the 1920's the excellent children's libraries later to be provided by the Labour government did not exist. I read comics and books like "The Bumper Book of School Stories for Girls." I longed to be like one heroine, "The most popular girl in school", but I felt the least popular.

One day, walking along the ridge road, I began to think of the people who loved me – my mother and father, my two brothers and my two sisters. Also our neighbour Mrs Fielding, and my mother's cousin Aileen Stace who thought the sun shone out of me, as did my mother's sister Lisa, and her daughter Jean Muir. Ten people loved me very much.

It is said that for emotional health, people need to know that they are important to at least one person in the whole world. But many don't have even one person to love them. And I had ten! Suddenly I realised that I was lucky. I wasn't unpopular, I was very much loved.

With this realisation came the understanding that happiness depends on what we look at. When I looked at and noticed all the people who didn't know or care whether I exist or not, I felt lonely and neglected. When I noticed my warm hearted family and others who cared very much for me, I felt loved and happy.

Years later I had a dream so vivid that I remember it clearly today. I was sitting in a little grassy park in Roseneath, overlooking Wellington harbour. It was a dazzlingly beautiful night, the harbour still and smooth as glass, and the city lights reflected in it like a mirror. A young woman drove up and came toward me saying, "I am desperate. Is there anyone I can ring up or talk to who can help me?"

There was such a contrast between her despair, and the beauty of the night spread out before her unseeing eyes. In my dream I remembered Ulric Williams' words, "*The world is a beautiful and wonderful place. If you don't see it that way, you are looking at it upside down!*"

I wanted to say to her, "It's your eyes! Change your eyes! Change your way of looking!" But instead I woke up.

People used to write whole books on "The Art of Happiness." It seems to me that the whole art lies in this one thing – choose what you will look at and pay attention to.

The world is full of things both good and bad, beautiful and ugly. If we look at the good things that make us happy, we will be happy. If we look at the bad things that make us unhappy, we will be unhappy. The choice is ours. We are free to be happy, or unhappy, whichever we

choose.

There are clear advantages in choosing to see the good and be happy. Unhappiness weakens our immune system and our whole body, whereas happiness heals both ourself and the people around us.

Thoughts are a creative force. What we pay attention to grows and develops. If we pay attention to good, we are creating good. If we pay attention to bad, we are increasing it.

There was once a wise old lady in her 80's. Her son-in-law admired and respected her so much that he spent an hour a day talking to her so that he could record her wisdom in a book. I don't remember her name, or the title of the book, but I remember one remark from it, "*To see good is the attitude of love.*"

When I had been on the apples and milk diet for about six weeks, I came home from a walk and looked in the mirror to comb my hair. My cheeks were pink, my eyes, hair and teeth were all shining. I looked a picture of health. I thought with surprise, "I am beautiful!" When I went in to tea the men looked at me as if they were surprised too.

But I was still in pain, sometimes severe pain. A few days afterwards Dr Williams passed by me in a car and saw me hobbling along, clutching the bridge rail. The next time he spoke to me he said, "*You'll have to pull up your socks.*" I had been there nearly two months. I suppose he thought I should be improving.

I thought, "I keep pulling them up, but every time the pain is bad I get frightened and they fall down again. What I need is a suspender."

The doctor was still trying to help me throw out the idea of backache. He said to me, "*It's only a mental habit. All chronic disease is only a mental habit. A disgusting mental habit!*"

I said, "I'll try."

He said, "*I don't want you to try! You are going downhill. I want you to turn around and go uphill and you say, 'I'll try.' I don't want you to try, I want you to do it!*"

It was obvious that I was a slow learner. In his first morning talks he had told the group that we must do two things. "*We must believe in healing. We must believe that God loves us, that he wants to heal us, and that he can heal us. The only thing that can block this is our own fear.*"

I had gone to Wanganui without any belief, one way or the other, merely in a spirit of enquiry to see if I would get better. I suddenly saw that curiosity is not the same thing as belief. Why, that very day I had been wondering if I should go back to Wellington and have gold injections.

The second requirement was to throw out all fear and resentment. I had thrown out resentment. But fear? No! I was very afraid of the backache, afraid of the pain, afraid of it growing worse with age, afraid of finishing up in a wheelchair. What was I going to do about fear?

The answer came a few mornings later in the toilet. In spite of laxatives the morning evacuation was acutely painful. Here was my opportunity to prove my faith. I thought, "I believe that God loves me. I believe that he wants to heal me. I believe that he can heal me. So what is there to worry about? Every time I am in pain, I will say out loud, 'All is well'. That will be my suspender."

I only had to say it twice. That same day the pain was much less. I walked on air. I didn't even crave the nut roast. I didn't even ask if I could scrape the baking dish as I had done previously.

I said, "All is well" again the next day, and at 10am the taut ropes in the small of my back had vanished and the pain had totally disappeared.

I was healed, and I went home. When I said goodbye I thanked the doctor for curing me. He said, "*I didn't cure you, only God can heal. Actually what I did was to teach you how to cure yourself, and that will be useful to you all your life.*" And so it has been.

For the next fourteen years I had no pain anywhere in my body, and no other illness at all.

The years since then

I was so happy to be relieved of pain, and so grateful to Dr Ulric Williams that I vowed I would live to be a 100. And when the Evening Post reporter would ask me to what I owed my longevity I would reply, "I owe it to Ulric Williams. He was not a dangerous crank as the medical profession called him. What he taught was true."

That was in 1942. I was then 25, a long way from 100. I am now 80. What of the intervening years?

There is a story of a mentally handicapped man who worked for a fisherman and ate a lot of fish. A visitor said to him one day, "I thought fish was good for the brain!" He replied, "What you think I might have been like, if I'd never had no fish."

My life has been varied. I have made serious mistakes, but I think to myself, "What might I have been like if I had never known Dr Williams."

Looking back, I believe that having arthritis in 1942 was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me, because without it I would never have met him. After my recovery I went back to teaching until the end of 1945. Then I applied for a job in the Wellington Public Library, where I worked happily until I retired in 1972.

In 1956 I had a return of back pain, due I think to emotional problems. I didn't go back to the doctor, because of his words, "*I have taught you how to cure yourself.*"

I felt I had failed and was ashamed. By this time, 'slipped discs' had been invented. I went to a physiotherapist who gave me heat treatment and spinal traction. In about three weeks the pain was gone. I found that remembering to 'walk tall' was as good as traction.

A few years later, in the 1960's I had another brief bout of back pain. This time my mother came to the rescue. She was reading a book entitled "Your Mind Can Heal You" by Frederick Bailes. His advice was, "*Whenever you feel a pain anywhere in your body, say to yourself, 'God is right in the middle of the pain healing it.' It will be better in three days.*"

I was so angry with myself for having the pain that I said scornfully "What good would that do?" But the pain was so bad that I thought it was worth trying, and it worked! In this I was lucky. It gave me confidence. Ever since, if in pain, I have said these words and I have never been troubled by extended pain since.

However I did visit Ulric Williams once again. In January 1957 the Health Department was hoping to wipe out TB with antibiotic drugs. They had a mobile X-ray unit in Wellington and asked employers to let all staff have chest X-rays. The library staff had them and I was the only one found to have a scar on the lung, dating from 1924 when I had pleurisy as a child. I had to see the lady doctor in charge of the X-ray unit.

As I walked into her room she looked up from her desk and said, "Well I can see you haven't got TB." Then she asked me the standard questions, "Do you cough? Do you spit?" Answer "No."

But there had been no X-rays taken since 1924, and she could not tell from the recent one whether the scar was still active. So she told me to have another one in six months time. I thought, "That will be in July, the coldest month of the year. What if I catch a cold? If I go back coughing and spitting, she will think I have got TB." So what happened? "I feared a fear, and it came upon me."

This is what happened. During Easter I decided to repaint our shabby old bathroom. I hired an

electric sander to remove the old white paint, not knowing that old white paint is made of lead and very poisonous. It was a windless day and the two tiny windows did not provide any ventilation. Soon the air was thick with paint dust and I worked in this all day long. The next and subsequent days I felt very ill, as if I had an acute bout of flu. This feeling of unwellness continued through the winter.

In July my sister went to the Trentham races on a day of pelting rain. She came home soaked and developed a cold, which I also caught. So I didn't go for another X-ray thinking I could wait until the cold was better. In August, while staying at our bach in Paekakariki, I thought I might be able to sweat out my problems with exercise, so I spent the day pulling out lupins. Far from helping, this made me worse than ever. I didn't have enough strength to stand for ten minutes washing dishes. Feeling desperate, I rang Dr Williams and went back to see him.

He was very kind, and said I didn't need to feel ashamed of being sick again, and that, "*Anyone can fall down in the mud, the main thing is not to lie there.*" He arranged for a chest X-ray, then he said my lungs were so full of fluid that they could not see anything else. He could not accept me in one of his Homes, because by now regulations required TB patients to be treated in isolation hospitals. He advised me to go home and admit myself to Wellington Hospital, which I did.

Within a day or two they stuck a needle in my back and drew off a lot of fluid, after which I felt wonderful. I was kept there for six months with monthly X-rays and antibiotic drugs for the suspected TB, and had a pleasant holiday. My friend Margaret Ferguson visited me every week and brought me interesting books to read.

After six months I went home with instructions to attend the chest clinic for an X-ray every month, and to continue to take the antibiotic medication. I took these pills for about four months, until one day I had a stomach haemorrhage and vomited a large amount of blood. After that I stopped taking the pills.

The chief librarian asked for a certificate that I was not contagious. The certificate said, "Miss Pownall is not contagious, and never has been. She has never had a positive sputum." When I went back to work, I found that my memory, previously good, had become erratic and unreliable. I wondered if the months on a heavy dose of toxic medication had damaged my brain in some way.

In 1968 I married a New Plymouth man who liked to go back to visit his family each year. When we drove through Wanganui, I would ring Dr Williams just to keep in touch with him. About this time he and his wife sold their house and moved into Hikurangi Old People's Home, where his wife died. After this he sounded more and more lonely and unhappy.

In the library I had seen a book called a "Festschrift" (celebration writing). A famous man had turned 80 and his friends compiled a book in his honour as a birthday present, each writing a chapter. I thought it would cheer up the doctor if I could produce a Festschrift for his 80th birthday. I could write a chapter about what he did for me, and ask other ex-patients to do the same. I knew his age because he was born the same year as my mother.

When I was a child, my younger brother, then aged five commented to me one day, "I've got two minds."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Coming home from school today, I saw two big boys teasing a little boy. They pulled off his cap and threw it over a hedge. He was crying. One of my minds wanted to go and help him. The other mind wanted to have fun laughing with the big boys."

“What did you do?”

“I just came home.”

In the same way I was double-minded about the Festschrift. I didn't know how to make a book. Finally I plucked up enough courage to ask the Evening Post to put an ad in the public notices, requesting ex-patients of Dr Ulric Williams to contact me. But the assistant said in a shocked voice, “We can't accept this. It would be advertising a doctor. That's illegal.” My first mind was disappointed, but my timid mind was relieved. So I dropped the project.

In December 1971 Dr Williams died. The next year I retired from the library. About the same time I met Sister Hannah. I think she may have been Jewish, maybe a refugee from Hitler's Germany. She had been a students' health nurse in Christchurch, but now lived alone in Wellington. Her only relative was a daughter in England. She was lonely and unhappy, and in pain with arthritis.

I tried to tell her some of the things Ulric Williams had taught me, but she scoffed, “Jesus and vegetable juice! That's not my line.” So she continued to suffer from arthritis. One day she said to me, “You've got a crush on Ulric Williams. Why don't you write his biography?”

I thought maybe I could now, with time on my hands. This time I rang the editor of the New Zealand Listener. He said, “Just write us a letter. We will publish it and people will contact you.” About 20 did.

I bought a tape recorder and set out to interview them, going as far as New Plymouth and Gisborne. I collected so much information that I was overwhelmed by the quantity that had to be transcribed, sorted, collated.

During the next few years, life became busier. First the Wellington Toy Library asked me to be their librarian. I accepted, thinking it would help my Down's Syndrome sister, Alison. Then the IHC Society asked me to take over their library. This was a bigger and more difficult task. All the work was by mail. People would write from all over New Zealand asking for help to rear and educate their handicapped children. At that time these children were not admitted to any school or kindergarten for normal children, and there were only a few special schools for them.

One of the first letters described a seven year old child, severely brain damaged at birth. She was almost totally blind and deaf, and hyperactive. The hyperactivity was the worst. “Could I help?”

In 1976 I could not find anything helpful. But in 1977 I heard of a Hyperactivity Association formed in Sydney. They were using the Feingold Diet and found it amazingly helpful. Feingold was an American allergist who thought that toxic food additives, especially artificial colours, flavours and preservatives contributed to hyperactivity.

In 1978 the Sydney association invited him to come to Australia on a lecture tour. I invited him to visit New Zealand too, and advertised for people who would like to hear him. Those who answered formed the Wellington Hyperactivity Association. I have now worked for the association for 20 years. Once I kept an account of the work involved, it totalled 43 hours in a week. In 1981 I resigned from the IHC library to give full time to the Hyperactivity Association.

This year, 1998 I have taken advantage of a month long holiday in January to finish Ulric Williams' book. It follows the original plan, just a collection of memories from people who were grateful to him. It is not a biography, as I did not have enough biographical information.

At that time he was not mentioned in “NZ Who's Who” or our “New Zealand Dictionary of National Biography.” The medical profession of the day dismissed him as a dangerous crank. This wiped out his memory except amongst those who knew him. I have written this book so that people today may have some knowledge and understanding of true healing. A new 1998 edition

of the New Zealand Dictionary of National Biography contains a page about Ulric Williams.

Family background of Ulric Williams

I was grateful to receive this long biographical letter from Ulric Williams' niece, Sybil Woods, daughter of his oldest brother Wilfred. She wrote:

Ulric Williams was born at Wanganui on May 22, 1890, the third son and fourth child of the Rev. and Mrs Alfred Owen Williams. His parents were living at the Mission Station at Putiki, the Maori pa on the south bank of the river.

His father, who had previously been vice-principal of Te Rau Maori Theological College, Gisborne had moved to Putiki in 1885 to become superintendent of the Maori Mission in the Wellington Diocese.

The three elder children of the family were born within three years of each other, 1882 to 1885 and were a closely knit group. Five years separated Ulric from the youngest of these three, and another four were to elapse before the birth of the youngest Garth. Inevitably this made Ulric something of an odd man out, a loner in the family circle. This was aggravated by the quite understandable reluctance of his older brothers and sister to have their games spoilt by having to include their little brother.

My father Wilfred, the eldest child of the family used to tell me with shame, how they would lose Ulric on purpose, so that they could get on with their daring exploits. It was quite easy to give him the slip because the garden included quite an extensive patch of native bush. Here Wilfred, Olive and Keith would build their secret hideouts and stalk one another through the undergrowth. One can only guess at the loneliness and even at times terror, of a toddler deserted in the narrow winding bush tracks.

Another dread he had to face and overcome was the journey to the outside toilet. This was some little way from the house down a tree shaded track. In the daytime it was not so bad, but at night time the path was beset by 'bogies' of every description. All too often the older brother or sister would see him safely to his destination and then abandon him there to make his own way back to the house.

Small wonder that he grew up to be a rather solitary, reserved individual used to going-it-alone. This was offset to some extent by his prowess at sport. He grew into a fine specimen of young manhood, tall (6ft 2"), handsome, and with an unusually well-knit frame.

He played rugby and cricket for Wanganui Collegiate School and later for his college at Cambridge University. He continued to play cricket for Wanganui into his late thirties. But it is probably for his golfing game that he will be remembered by his contemporaries. At one time he held the amateur record for several major golf courses. Belmont, Seafield and Manawatu among them. I used to caddie for him in open championship matches and I shall never forget the deceptively easy, smooth-flowing swing which would send the ball skimming 280 yards down the fairways.

But in spite of his sporting contacts and his academic successes he remained conscious of an inner loneliness from which he suffered at times acutely. One of these periods came when he left Cambridge University to further his medical studies at Edinburgh University. Looking for comfort and strength he attended Church services regularly for almost a year in St Giles Cathedral. It seems incredible that throughout the whole of that time, and in spite of the fact that he sat in the same seat Sunday by Sunday, not one member of the congregation ever spoke to

him.

Finally in desperation he phoned the minister in charge and made an appointment to see him. It required some courage for him to break through his natural reserve to arrange this. So you can imagine his disillusionment when he confronted a man who all too obviously gave him only a quarter of his attention and several times interrupted a surface conversation to make telephone calls. He went out from that unsatisfactory interview feeling so let down that he seldom darkened the doors of a church during the next twenty or more years.

It was in an effort to escape from his intolerable loneliness that he next, while still a student, entered into a marriage with a young and attractive nurse who came from a very different social level. His parents, though apprehensive of the wisdom of his choice, came over to England for the wedding. Later they took his young wife and baby son back to their New Zealand home until the First World War was over.

Ulric then came back to Wanganui and built up a flourishing practice as an obstetrician and surgeon. During the depression years many of his poorer patients received the kindest and most skilled attention, with never a thought on his part of sending them an account.

On free evenings in the school holidays, he being an expert bridge player, would forego his evening's pleasure at the club to play endless games of Rummy or Racing Demon with us. Then he would take us off to a nearby dairy where he would command the assistant to fill up a 2lb preserving jar with ice-cream, liberally laced with strawberry or chocolate flavouring, and no one enjoyed this form of supper more than he.

On Christmas Eves, when Victoria Avenue used to be closed to traffic, and seemingly the whole populace processed up and down the gaily lit shopping area, he would take us three children downtown and buy us mouth organs or tooters or some other noisy means of giving vent to our joyous feelings. He would frolic up and down the street with us, with at least two pauses during the evening to dive into the Rendezvous or Willow Pattern restaurants for the largest ice-cream sundaes I have ever seen.

I think it was in 1931 that Ulric's domestic life reached the stage where he felt it was scarcely worth living. He seriously contemplated suicide, but hearing that Archdeacon Jim Young was to address an open air meeting of unemployed men in Cook's Gardens, he decided, on some inner prompting to go and hear what he had to say, before doing anything desperate.

At the conclusion of a remarkable address, Jim Young said, *"If there is any man here who feels absolutely at the end of his tether, and does not know what to do to make his life tolerable, my advice to him is, 'Go home, go into your room, shut the door, kneel down, and simply put your hand into the hand of Jesus Christ and ask him to direct your life from now on."*

Ulric went home and did this. Long afterwards he told me that he felt his hand taken, and he looked up and saw Jesus Christ beside him.

This was a turning point in his life. All the teaching of his childhood about the love of God and the compassion of Christ came flooding back into his life, transformed by his inner experience. He read his New Testament avidly and then began to go out onto the street corners of Ridgway Street and Taupo Quay, where all the down and outs and methylated spirits addicts congregated, to tell them of the new love and power which had come into his life.

His 17 year old son sensed the change in him and sometimes joined him in his witnessing. One night a man called Jack Howell came up to him and asked for his help in beginning a new life. Jack was then in his late 40's. He had been in and out of borstals and prison since he was 15 years old, for drunkenness and petty theft. At this stage of his life he was a confirmed methylated spirits addict.

Molly (Ulric's wife) was beginning to respond to the change in Ulric and gave her rather grudging consent to the suggestion that Jack should be given hospitality under their roof, while he sorted himself out. Three times Ulric found him employment, three times he lost it through drunkenness, but Ulric refused to give up. Eventually, by his friendship and trust and his ability to make the companionship of the living Christ real to Jack, he became a new person. Ulric lent him enough money to buy a truck and he set himself up in a private carrying and contracting business.

I shall never forget the impression left on me at the age of 18 by this radiantly happy man. I can see him now, fishing a dog-eared New Testament out of his pocket to quote some passage which had helped to convince him that it was never too late to make a fresh start if you knew where to turn to for help and strength.

From this direct personal evangelism, which dumbfounded his fellow doctors, and which led to his being invited to speak all over the North Island in churches, in Salvation Army citadels, in town halls and cinemas, Ulric began to turn his attention to the relationship between his new-found faith and the medicine he practised.

He found it increasingly difficult to reconcile his conviction in the beneficence and loving-kindness of the Creator revealed in Jesus Christ, with the sickness and disease he ministered to every day. He had long discussions with my father, a clergyman over this and kindred questions. He was driven to the conclusion, that as sickness could not conceivably be willed or sent by a loving Creator, it must be the result of human folly and ignorance in the use of natural resources.

Over the course of the next several years he made a detailed study of the processing of natural foodstuffs, methods of fertilising the soil, diet and over-eating, psychology, and the effect of mental states on bodily health.

He gradually evolved his basis for healthy living, – right eating, right thinking and right living. It sounds simple but it involved a thoroughgoing knowledge and appreciation of the closely interwoven network of relationships between body, mind and spirit.

Appalled at the number of patients who underwent operation after operation with no apparent improvement in health, he finally resolved to do no more surgery, but to rely entirely on methods of fasting and diet. In the latter he stressed the value of unrefined foods – raw sugar, wholemeal flour, brown rice, the plentiful use of fresh fruit and raw salads, and the conservative cooking of all other food (eg by steaming), to preserve the maximum amount of vitamins and minerals.

He believed that excessive use of chemical pesticides and fertilisers was endangering human health. In this he was years ahead of the discoveries publicised by Rachel Carson in "Silent Spring."

He believed that most of us eat far more than we need, and especially he queried the amount of animal protein eaten by people in sedentary occupations.

As more people became convinced of the good sense of his methods and experienced their validity in the marked improvement in their own health, he began to be in demand as a lecturer up and down the country. Nursing sisters opened private Nursing Homes for him in Wanganui, Hawkes Bay, Wellington, and other centres where they offered to treat patients by his methods. This involved a huge correspondence, as he had to keep in close touch with patients' progress and write lengthy instructions for their treatment. This frequently involved very personal letters to the patients themselves, many of whom were suffering from psychological disabilities.

It was a matter of great joy to them both, that Molly gradually found herself to be wholly in sympathy with Ulric's new approach to life. She became his inseparable companion in all that he did, not only accompanying him on his lecture tours, but taking on a great deal of his secretarial

work. She took a course in typing and spent long hours dealing with his correspondence.

Many a lonely patient experienced the kindness of their hospitality, some staying with them for several months while they learned to grapple with their problems and rebuild their lives.

I don't think he ever courted publicity, but he inevitably became a controversial figure. His 'avant garde' (ahead of their time) theories brought him more than once into open conflict with his more orthodox medical colleagues. Here his early childhood had its effect. There was a sense in which he rather expected to be a 'loner' and almost enjoyed it. He did not go out of his way to alienate his colleagues, but I believe there were many occasions when a more conciliatory approach would have won him many allies. Instead they felt rebuffed by his uncompromising stand.

Until the end of his days, he remained suspicious of orthodoxy, both in matters of Christian belief and worship and in medical practice. Maybe he had to stand alone to get his message across with its full challenge and its cutting edge. But in the process he met sharp opposition and knew the bitterness of isolation.

I remember what a joy it was to him when King's College, Auckland, decided to follow his dietary principles for a trial period of several years in their boarding school. The boys ate wholemeal bread, raw sugar, and plenty of fresh fruit, and their vegetables were steamed. The boys' health showed a marked improvement and there was a sharp decline over the years in the number of limb fractures. Whether the school maintained these sensible practices I do not know. I rather fear that changes of domestic staff and the war years may have seen a reversion to a less healthy diet. But at the time Ulric was greatly encouraged.

Biographical Information

Ulric Williams was descended from Henry Williams, who came to New Zealand as a missionary in 1823. Henry Williams was a dynamic man who influenced the Maori chiefs to relinquish their habits of inter-tribal warfare, slaughter, cannibalism, and slavery of women. He had the courage to stand (literally) between two tribes, armed and at war, and persuade them successfully to make peace.

Ulric's parents were Alfred Owen Williams and Alice Gaster (born 12th Nov 1850). They married 27th Dec 1881.

Children of Alfred and Alice Williams:

Wilfred Owen Gaster Williams born 19th Sept 1882 at Nelson.

Olive Gaster Williams born 18th May 1884 at Gisborne.

Keith Gaster Williams born 23rd July 1885 at Putiki near Wanganui.

Ulric Gaster Williams born 22nd May 1890 at Putiki near Wanganui.

Garth Gaster Williams born 15th March 1894 at Putiki near Wanganui.

Ulric Gaster Williams married Mary May Thurling.

Their son Owen Neville Williams (known as Peter) was born 2nd June 1914.

The following information was taken from the Wanganui Collegiate School Register, Edition 4, 1854 to 1963, published by the Old Boys Association, 1964.

Ulric Gaster Williams, 45 Wicksteed Street, Wanganui.

Prefect 1907/09. Rugby XV 1907/08. Cricket XI 1907/09.

Educated at Cambridge & Edinburgh Universities, MB ChB

Captain NZ Medical Corps in World War I.

Health consultant, medical practitioner and author of "Hints on Healthy Living."

Memories of Ulric Williams from ex-patients and friends

An interview with Joy Bignell his secretary

(Joy worked for Dr Ulric Williams for several years as a secretary in the 1930's. This is what she told me:)

I was brought up very strictly in a Salvation Army family. I was a rebel, kicking against the rules. When I first went to work for the doctor, I wasn't a happy girl. I was still living at home. There were many things wrong with me, including headaches. He taught me positive thinking.

He said, "*You are what you think. You become what you think. To be healthy you must think in the right way. You have to think healthy. You don't look for wrong things to happen, you expect right things to happen. Thoughts have a way of attracting to you what you think about.*" It took me a long time to learn this.

I used to be sick in the stomach at times. It happened whenever I had problems. When my son had a bad car accident it happened, that was nerves. When I was young it happened frequently. Dr Williams said it was because I worried about things that didn't even matter. I thought along the wrong lines, things I wanted to do, things I wasn't allowed to do, and stupid things that young people worry about. He taught me to think positively, to accept the fact that I was brought up that way. To impress on my parents that I was grown up now and to gradually go my own way. So I did, and I didn't go far astray.

When I learned to think positively I got over that sickness, and the headaches too. I had terrible headaches for years. I think the physical symptoms are brought on by one's attitude and way of thinking.

I remember a lady who came to the doctor with severe stomach trouble, very bad pains, maybe ulcers. Maybe she was worried she had cancer. She came back several times. I used to type his letters following these interviews. He would prescribe a diet sheet and would dictate a letter on the dictaphone. I would type the letter and I learnt a lot in this way.

The second time this woman came, he found what was at the root of the trouble. Her husband was one of two brothers with a wealthy father. She expected her husband would inherit half his father's wealth, but the other son lost the whole fortune through unwise investments. She was full of resentment and hatred for the brother, said she would never forgive him.

Dr Williams wrote her a very straight letter. He told her that she was a religious woman, and a woman in her position should have known better than to bear hatred and resentment like that.

He said to me afterwards, "*Either she'll come back or I won't see her again.*" But she did come back. She said, "*I had the guts to take what he told me.*" She was a new woman. She gradually came right. Her pains disappeared. I saw her three months after her first visit. She looked radiant, a different woman. She found that resentment was not worth carrying. It would not bring the money back.

It was amazing how he could see into your mind. With me he could see that I resented the things I wasn't allowed to do. I wasn't allowed to go to dances or to the pictures. He could see that was in the back of my mind.

He was a great man. The last time I saw him was shortly before he died. I was driving past Hikurangi and saw him sitting on a seat by himself. After Mrs Williams died he was very lonely.

So I stopped the car and spoke to him. He said, "Joy, you don't look any older." He always used to say that to me every time he saw me.

He and his wife were wonderful people. I was with them for over four years and they were very good to me. I've never forgotten how he taught me to think.

I had a brother-in-law who used to tease me unmercifully. I was 13 and he would tease, tease, tease. I used to get so upset that I would cry, and try to bite back, and he would still tease me. I learnt from the doctor that the best way to combat teasing is not to let it worry you. This new attitude made all the difference. He never teased me after that. We were the best of friends.

I find the same thing in my work. I work for the Education Board. I am the head typist and the Boss's secretary. I have a lot of men to deal with. Some are not so nice. The girls say, "You're patient, I don't know how you put up with them." Well that's another thing the doctor taught me. I don't get in a flap or get flustered. I won't let myself. I've got so used to doing it that it's automatic. He made a wonderful difference to me.

I have been very lucky. I've had a good husband and a good marriage. We've had problems with our children. Our youngest son is a mad-head in a car. He was almost killed one night. He was in the river for twelve hours and we didn't know whether he was dead or alive. But as for our marriage, it's been a good one.

Things like the accident will upset me, and I will get a bit sick in the stomach, but next morning I think, "I can't undo anything that's happened. I have to face up to it." The way I face it is to get on with doing something.

(I asked Joy if she remembered any of Dr Williams' sayings?)

I keep thinking of this one, he used it a lot, "*As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.*"

(I enquired about Mrs Williams.)

She was a wonderful person, a real lady. She never did a thing wrong. I never saw her upset except once, when their son Peter got married without letting them know. He had been studying in Scotland and met a girl on the boat coming home. He brought her home and they stayed with Mr and Mrs Williams. That would be 1938 I think. One day they went off and got married.

Mrs Williams said, "*I thought he would have asked his father and me to go along.*" That was the only time I saw her give way to her feelings. She cried that day.

She was lovely person. It didn't matter if you were the gardener or the woman who did the washing. She would talk to you as if you were her best friend. She had a rather high pitched voice, and some used to think she was la-di-da, but she wasn't. She was very kind, and very good to me.

(I remarked that Dr Williams had once said his wife was insecure.)

Before the doctor took on this Nature Cure and changed his way of life, their marriage was unhappy, with drink and high living. But they both changed completely, an amazing change. It was as though they both had the same vision at the same time. It saved their marriage, and saved everything. I'm sure it was God's way of bringing him to the place where he had to do this work. There is no doubt that he did a tremendous amount of good in Wanganui and other places.

Some people in Wanganui were opposed to him, but those who were for him, were wholeheartedly for him. My mother thought he was mad. I remember having a row with my boy friend. The next day I went to work feeling ill. At lunch time I cycled home against a head wind and fainted. Mother put me to bed and called the doctor, thinking he would give me some pills or medicine. Instead he said, "*Get up out of that bed. There is nothing wrong with you. I told you this morning to stop worrying about that stupid boy!*" And there was nothing wrong with me

really.

Both my husband and I have been healthy. We ate wholemeal bread and lots of fruit and vegetables in summer. I brought my children up that way and they never had the infections that most children get. I am 55 but I can keep pace with the younger girls at work, and run rings round them energy-wise. I tell them, "*You are what you eat.*" That was one of the doctor's sayings. Another was, "*If you put kerosene in your car, you wouldn't expect it to run properly, and you can't expect your body to run well if you put rubbish into it.*"

Did you hear about the minister who had arthritis? When he first came to the surgery he could not walk from his taxi to the verandah without the aid of two sticks, just shuffling. He was put in Sister Burson's Home where he fasted for weeks on water and fruit juice. When he left he was walking six miles a day.

I myself saw the letter he wrote to the doctor. He went back to his parish up Te Kuiti way. He used to preach at three churches 13 miles apart each Sunday, and walk to them all. I had seen him come into the doctor's surgery hardly able to walk at all. He wasn't a young man either, he was about 60 at the time.

Dr Williams had wonderful results with ulcer patients. He used to put them on a diet of nothing but raw milk for up to three months. And if they ate correctly they would not come back. Thought correctly too, of course.

You could get raw milk in those days. He thought milk was ruined by pasteurising and treating it.

Tuberculosis was another thing he had a great success with. Those patients didn't have to go into isolation then, as long as everything was kept separate. Dishes etc, washed separately. You had to notify the authorities, and people in the house had to be examined periodically. The doctor used to billet them privately. I remember one girl. I travelled to Christchurch with her on the ferry. I was seasick and she was as fit as a fiddle.

(Lastly she spoke of cancer patients. She said that most of them were too far gone. They had left it too late for the doctor to do anything. But I remember seeing a private letter written by Dr Williams. One sentence stuck in my mind, "*This is the forty-third case of cancer that has responded to our treatment.*")

Two letters from a woman patient who asked that her name be withheld

When I was 16, I developed an abscess at the base of my spine. This was caused by bruising when I had been accidentally pushed onto a blackberry stump during a bit of tomfoolery. The abscess took twelve months to develop, but then it necessitated minor surgery, after which I was confined to bed for two weeks.

At the end of those two weeks my appendix burst, and due to unforeseen circumstances I was not operated on until seven hours later. This meant that the poison had spread widely through my system and I was not expected to recover. However I did survive, and after seven weeks in hospital I was allowed home, in spite of the fact that the wound, where a large tube had been inserted for drainage was still not properly healed.

I had to attend outpatients for about three months. It did finally seal over and I slowly regained strength. After a while I had a return of soreness on the tail bone and in time this had to be lanced again. Then for a period of six years, this 'sinus' as my doctor called it, kept erupting and required lancing at frequent intervals, especially after travelling in a car for even a thirty mile

distance.

It became frustrating. I was drained of energy and could not take part in sport for fear of knocking it and causing another eruption. The doctor was puzzled and admitted he did not know why it should repeatedly break out. He decided to open it right to the bone and pack the cavity to allow it to heal only slowly. I went to him every day for dressings and repacking. This necessitated giving up my job.

Positions were not easy to find in those days and I was fairly depressed about the whole thing, especially when my doctor suggested that if this slow healing trial did not work, he would cut out an area of flesh and try that. This really shook my confidence in him, and months later when it did erupt again, I decided to go to Wanganui to Dr Ulric Williams and seek his advice.

By this time, six years had gone by, and you can imagine what I was afraid of by this time. My mind was made up that something that would not permanently heal in six years could only mean one thing (Cancer).

I was a little in awe of that fine specimen of manhood I saw as I was ushered into his consulting room. He seated me and asked me the nature of my visit. I told him I had an abscess on my tailbone that would not heal. To my amazement he was not the least bit interested in looking at it. Instead he made himself comfortable and asked me to tell him of any past illnesses.

I told him about the peritonitis (appendix infection poison) and how long it took for the drain spot to heal, and then of the continued outbreaks of the sinus. He took notes unhurriedly, then studied them for some time.

He asked me, *"If you had a balloon with a weak spot, and with water inside, where would you expect the water to leak from?"*

I said, "From the weak spot."

He thumped his fist on the table and said, *"That is exactly what has happened to your body. The peritonitis poison was never properly drained, so it has to find the weak spot."* Silence reigned for some time before he looked at me and said, *"I cannot cure you."*

Imagine the shock! He was confirming my worst fears! He gave this time to scare me before continuing, *"Until you clear your blood stream of the poisons the abscess will never be able to heal. I can tell you how to do this, but I cannot do it for you. It will mean strict diet for possibly two years, and it depends upon your own willpower whether you cure yourself or not"*

I left his room walking on air with relief after the fright he had given me, but I guess that was 'tactics' and it certainly made me determined to stick strictly to his instructions.

He wrote me friendly and encouraging letters periodically, gradually changing the restrictions of the diet. Not only did the abscess heal, but my energy returned and I had a new lease of life altogether.

That was 33 years ago, and over the years I have visited Dr Williams on several occasions for his help and advice. I always found him so willing to give of his time without the slightest thought of financial repayment. He spoke to me for many hours on subjects I considered unrelated to my health at that time. But on reflecting I realised it was all a part of his psychology to relax me and to convince me that I really did have the courage to carry it through.

Her second letter

I do not seem to have a copy of the diet sheets, but I can tell you roughly what the diet was. To begin with, I was on fruit and vegetable juices and raw fruit for breakfasts, salads for lunch, and also the evening meal. Then gradually I was allowed a potato in its jacket, then wholemeal

bread and meat substitute dishes.

I was a whole year without any meat, then gradually allowed poultry and fish occasionally, also brains and liver, etc.

The second year I still had fruit breakfasts with dates and nuts, and always a salad lunch, but more meat with the evening meal. Vegetables, mainly steamed of course, or dry baked. I remember taking my vegetable water and Marmite broth to work in a thermos for morning tea and being chaffed by the staff, but I had to learn to take the teasing. I told them jealousy would get them nowhere.

It was certainly worthwhile. During that second year I married. Fortunately my husband was most helpful and understanding and was willing to eat the same way. He says to this day that he was never fitter (and he was an athlete).

You asked what kind of diet I had been accustomed to prior to my troubles? Well I was one of a family of six children, and during the depression years things were not easy for my parents, but my mother was a wonderful manager. We seldom had fried foods or pastries, because she knew better than that. But looking back maybe we went a little short of protein during those worst years. Though really I feel our diet was not wholly to blame. I have come to realise that unhappiness and stress can be a worse enemy than diet, and we really did have our share of stresses during those early years.

My father was a man who was forever striving to seek a better position. After a very unfortunate misunderstanding on the family orchard, he was forced to leave and find employment where he could earn enough to keep a growing family. He kept changing to something better, as he thought, and we were shifted from one town to another where he thought he was bettering himself, but in fact the cost of all this shifting was getting him nowhere.

He was also a devoted father and wanted us to have things mother felt we could ill afford. There were frequent arguments about finance in the home. These upsets were more damaging to us children than our parents ever realised. We were so fond of both parents and could not stand any tensions between them.

But most of all, the fact that after my two primer years I had a change of school every other year of my schooling because of these shifts. I was a fairly shy child and it seemed I just made friends and then had to leave them.

We seemed to be always struggling, and mother took in sewing to help out. This meant that my older sister and I had to become very domesticated at an early age. I don't think this hurts as long as you also have enough time to have a little fun, but we missed out a lot in this respect, especially with four other younger children to help cope with.

Why have I told you all this, when I have bottled it up for years, I wonder. Perhaps it will do me good. I agree with Ulric Williams that peace of mind is of the utmost importance to good health, and through all these years I have resented my father's lack of stability. Though I am certain he did honestly believe he was doing it for our good.

(Later she sent the following diet in Dr Williams' beautiful handwriting, dated April 1967. This was some years after her recovery therefore the diet sheet allows meat.)

Swiss Breakfast

2 grated apples, a level tablespoon each of honey and raw oatmeal, juice of half a lemon or an orange, 3 tablespoons of top milk (cream-rich milk that naturally floats to the top), a handful of chopped raisins and walnuts. If too much, use less of each.

Or, for variety, oranges, grapes, and milk.

Or, three kinds of fresh fruit, dried fruits, and walnuts.

Mid morning, nothing.

Lunch

Wholemeal bread, butter, honey, vegemite, peanut butter, uncut salad vegetables with hard boiled egg, cheese, walnuts.

Or, a large mixed salad. For variety, besides lettuce, use cabbage or silver beet cut fine, celery, cress, onion, small leaves of dandelion and sowthistle, spring onion, radish, tomato, grated root veges, and bits of fresh and dried fruits and banana. Salad dressing (honey, olive oil and lemon juice in proportion of 1,2,3. Make a bottleful. Shake before using.) Potatoes cooked in their skins, a little butter, salt and pepper if liked. There are other salad recipes in my books.

Or, on cold days, home-made soup, and thin wholemeal toast and scrape (a thin scraping of butter).

Mid afternoon, carrot juice, sipped.

Evening meal

Lean meat or fish. Plenty of vegetables, conservatively cooked (steamed is best) without salt or soda. You can add a little salt at the table. (No puddings with this, have fresh fruit instead.)

Or, an egg dish, or cheese dish, perhaps with a rasher of bacon for flavour. Then stewed fruit, or ripe fresh fruit or dried fruit. Baked or boiled custard, or junket, or home-made Spanish cream (a custard made from milk, eggs, gelatine and sugar. Brown sugar, a spot of cream. Occasionally instead, a steamed pudding.

With lunch and evening meal every day

One vitamin capsule (they are free on Social Security) and 2 Vikelp tablets (they are not free) for essential minerals.

(The Swiss breakfast was the original muesli, invented by Swiss doctor Max Bircher Benner, born 1867, a pioneer in nutritional science. He believed in raw fruit and vegetables as a cure for disease and wanted to persuade people that even grain foods can be eaten raw. I remember in the 1930's, my father cut an article from the Evening Post entitled 'Swiss Health Breakfast'. The recipe was 2 tablespoons of rolled oats, soaked in water overnight, 1 or 2 grated apples, some sultanas, lemon juice, honey and cream.)

From Colonel Harry Coffin of the Salvation Army, Sydney.

I owe him a debt I can never repay. In 1939 I was suffering from a chronic eczema condition on both legs, which had broken out into four large ulcers. For two years I had been in the care of leading dermatologists with orthodox treatment of lotions, ointments, drugs to help me sleep, etc. My condition was worse rather than better. I was almost at the point of despair. My work and family life were suffering.

I was recommended to see Dr Williams by my divisional commander who made arrangements for me to go up from Miramar where I was stationed, to Wanganui.

I had only one interview with Dr Williams. He began by taking me to task for my self-pity. He said that as a Christian I should be ashamed to be in the condition I was, which he said was due to my breaking the law of God. He said that if the poisons in my body had not broken out through the skin I could well have been crippled up with arthritis. I should be thanking God rather than being sorry for myself. He told me that if I co-operated with God's laws and followed the treatment he suggested I would surely recover quite speedily. He gave me hope.

He then went on to tell me about himself and his own wonderful conversion to a Christian sense of values, from being a playboy doctor with little real concern for his patients, filling them up with sedatives and drugs and rushing them through his surgery as quickly as he could, so that

he could have more time for his own pleasures.

He said that God had spoken to him one night when he was alone in his surgery. He had just finished pushing patients through when he heard the words, *“Are you not ashamed of yourself?”* He said it was as clear as a human voice, but he knew it was from God. It was the turning point of his life and drove him to his knees in penitence and a complete amendment of his life.

Before I left his surgery he prayed with me. Later that week I received through the post my first instructions regarding treatment – an eliminative diet, exercise, daily enema, no drugs or lotions, etc.

I kept strictly to his advice and in a fortnight the ulcers were drying up and healing was beginning to be rapid. I wrote to him to report progress and I received a letter in which he thanked God for what was happening and gave further advice regarding diet and mental attitudes.

Within six weeks the eczema was completely cured. My mind was at peace. My work and family life was renewed, and I was a new man. I have never had a recurrence, although I served as a chaplain with the Third Division on Guadalcanal where many suffered from skin complaints.

When I wrote asking the doctor for his account he replied again, thanking God for my recovery and saying that I could pay him by serving others with my recovered health.

I have filled important posts in the Salvation Army in New Zealand, Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney with excellent health and vigour. I will always be grateful to Dr Ulric Williams for what he did for me. I am now 63 years of age and retire in about 18 months time.

Two letters from Joyce Lake

Prior to going to the Health Home in Aramoho I was under the doctors for many years with my heart. At school I could not partake in any active sport.

After leaving school I took an office job in Invercargill and suffered a lot with swollen legs and ankles. I was off work a lot resting, but after going to several doctors and specialists I was told to give up work as nothing more could be done. They advised me to rest as much as possible as I would never work again, and they also told me I could never marry or have children, as it would kill me.

After being in bed for many weeks and getting more down in the dumps each day, the sun looked as though it might shine at last. My mother had read Dr Williams' book and wondered if he would be able to help me. I wrote to Dr Williams only to be told his Home was full and I would have to wait some time. I had hopes that this man could help me.

When I was eventually able to stay at the Home, the first thing he told me was that he would have to rid my system of all the poisons that the doctors had given me over the years. Firstly I was put on a diet of juices, with an enema each morning, then a milk diet for a week.

Later I went on to a normal diet, eg, lemon drink on rising, fruit of all kinds and dates for breakfast, soup at mid-morning, vegetables and pudding for lunch, and mixed salads at night. We had Milo before retiring.

On Sunday we had meat for lunch, a cake and a cup of tea in the afternoon.

Dr Williams would come each day and lecture us. I found these talks very enlightening. Many described how to improve and maintain a higher level of health.

The results of these lectures have stood me in good stead down through the years. He also taught us how to think positively and believe God is Love.

We had to take walks each day and do exercises each morning, on the dewy grass in bare feet

if possible. I was amazed one day when he told me to hire a bike and take a ride each day, and to go a little further each day. To me who could not sweep a floor without my ankles swelling, that seemed too good to be true. I rode the bike a little way the first day, and not a sign of swelling.

By the time I finished there (which was four months) I was riding fifteen miles a day and enjoying every minute of it. The scenery was beautiful and life was just wonderful.

The most impressive case I witnessed while I was there, was to see a lady walk home after being confined to a wheel chair for 12 years.

There was another lady there with cancer. After dieting and fasting for a long time, all the poisons broke out like a boil on her neck. This poured from her and she had to have the dressings changed a lot. The smell was terrible. She was confined to her room for quite some time. I felt really thrilled for her when she could come out without her dressings and without the terrible smell that was coming from the rubbish within.

I feel really honoured to have had the opportunity of living in a home such as the Aramoho Health Home. The staff were wonderful. They too had suffered ill health and had been under doctors. One lady had been a registered nurse and had gone to Dr Williams for help. She was so grateful that she stayed on with him.

When I returned home from Dr Williams, I went to see my former doctor and he just could not believe it. He said, "A miracle has happened."

Another doctor wanted to know what I had done. When I told him where I had been, he just gave me a prescription which I did not take to the chemist to be made up.

I now have three teenage daughters and I am so grateful to Dr Williams. The girls are healthy, much to the disappointment of the District Nurse and teachers who were always pestering me about giving them injections for everything. One even told me I would never forgive myself when one died of whooping cough or diphtheria. One stormed out saying what a terrible mother I was. But I was so confident in all Dr Williams told me that I was not a bit afraid of that happening. To this day, lots of people think I am a bit queer, but I hope my girls will realise right from wrong and stick to it. It isn't easy, but it is certainly best in the long run.

A Swiss doctor Max Bircher Benner said, "*It's a tragedy when a short cut is invented. Afterwards most people will use the short way and often the long way is better.*"

Joyce's Second Letter

I didn't tell you that I am the manager of a Health and Herbal shop. I work from 10am to 3pm and my days are very full.

I can remember Dr Williams saying to "*Think positively.*" He said our thoughts have a lot to do with the way we live and feel. He was always reminding us "*God is Love. Love him, and trust in him, and only good and lovely things will happen to us.*"

I also remember him telling another girl and myself (we were the only young ones there at the time) never to have our children injected for whooping cough, etc. "*These poisons injected will only cause other complaints.*"

You can imagine the time I had when the children were small, right through to secondary school age. The Plunket nurse was always at me. I even had a District Nurse call and tell me what a terrible mother I was, and how I would never forgive myself when I lost some or all my children. Just for a second I nearly gave in, but Dr Williams' words came to me. I knew he would be right. I had such great faith in all he said that I was able to give a definite "No" to the District Nurse.

Teachers have told the girls how foolish their parents are, but I have talked to them often

about Dr Williams. Now they are older I am sure they realise why we didn't want them to have poisons put into their systems.

Regarding the doctor who just gave me the prescription. He wasn't interested in hearing it was Dr Williams who had cured me. He admitted my heart was good, but as soon as I told him where I had been, he just gave me the prescription, as much to say, I would most likely need it before long. The doctors didn't like to admit the fact that he was doing wonderful work and having lots of cures.

Dorothy Hurst

While I was in the Rest Home at 296 Somme Parade, Wanganui in 1958, Dr Ulric Williams came every day to massage me. I had been in a motor accident and suffered a slipped disc which had developed into arthritis.

I had been in a public hospital for three months and was feeling quite desperate when I went into the rest home, hardly able to walk for the pain in my back and knees. Dr Williams put me on a rigid diet and massaged me every day except Sunday, even coming on a Saturday because he did not want me to go two days without the massage.

After six weeks I was able to return to my work, and get about with a great deal more comfort. In fact I was sufficiently well enough to remarry in October 1958. My then husband had had previous experience of Dr Williams and it was through his instigation that I eventually went to see the doctor.

Another patient at the home was cured of diabetes. We used to send each other Christmas cards for many years afterwards and she still kept well.

Also my husband met a young girl who had been taken into the doctor's own home suffering from tuberculosis. The hospital had wanted to operate and remove her left lung, but after living at the doctor's house for some time, she was well enough to chop up logs of wood for the house fire, before leaving for her home cured.

Another patient who was there at the same time as I was, left cured of cancer, after being on a very strict diet.

He believed in asking by silent prayer for whatever he wanted at the time, and expected immediate granting of the request. Like going to play a game of golf on an off day and requesting that a partner be there with whom he could play. On arriving at the course, no one in sight and then someone just coming along who said he had a sudden urge to go and play and could not account for it. He told us it always worked for him.

The convalescent home at 296 Somme Parade was very well run. Nurse Burson was in charge with Mrs Motley. There was a sister who had previously been a patient and returned after doing her nursing training, and Olive Roscoe who gave us exercises every morning was also a previous patient.

We were given a lemon drink at 7am, then a fruit breakfast at 8am, or rolled oats for those unable to take fruit. I was one, as I also had colitis (inflamed colon). Rich soup at 10am, then lunch at noon.

We had meat twice a week, fish once a week and made up dishes of egg, lentils, nuts, etc. A light tea at 5pm was followed by a lemon or hot milk drink before retiring at 9pm.

I had to have slippery elm food two or three times daily, and only strained rolled oats for breakfast. However after six weeks I had improved considerably, and when I left I was not troubled with colitis.

Dr Williams came every day to talk to patients individually. While we sat and ate our lunch

from trays on our knees in the lounge, he talked to us all on various subjects.

I still have a few of his letters, chiefly to do with personal items of health. One recipe which I found most useful for arthritis was to put one pound each of baking soda and Epsom salts in the bath water at night just before retiring. I kept a box in the bathroom with a seven pound bag of each in it and used one cupful of each in the bath when necessary. You must go to bed afterwards as it is inclined to make you perspire, (perhaps that is part of the treatment). You have to be careful not to go outside and catch a chill.

He advised vitamin capsules for deficiency. He also very grudgingly gave me a prescription for thyroid tablets. He was very much against taking drugs.

An interview with the former Rev Collet Saunders

Collet Saunders was a minister in a non-conformist church, who lived in New Plymouth. He had severe back pain. The chiropractors had not been able to fix it. He could not bend down to tie his shoes or wash his face.

He was returning from a trip south and decided to get off the bus at Wanganui to consult Ulric Williams. He had limited time before the next bus. He told his story to the doctor and asked for help. This is how he reports the conversation going.

“Why should you ask me for help?”

“I thought that was your job, helping people like me.”

“What did you say your occupation was?”

“I am a minister.”

“And you come to me for help? Who do you think heals? Where does healing come from?”

“Well, all healing has to come from the Lord, basically, though he does use doctors and so on.”

“Yes, but where is the Lord?”

“Well, the Bible says our bodies are the temple of the Holy Spirit.”

“You’re getting on fine. So the healing you want must be right inside the body you want healing for?”

“Yes, I suppose so.”

“What the devil do you want me to do for you? Look boy, I was far worse than you with my back. I couldn’t get round the block. My back was getting worse and worse. I couldn’t dig the garden. I couldn’t dress myself to go and see my patients. I couldn’t walk around the block without sitting in the gutter or hanging on to the fence several times. I thought, ‘This is terrible. This is the end of everything.’ I could see myself in a wheelchair and wondered who was going to wheel it.

“Then my wife came to me one day and said, ‘Do you know what the trouble is?’ I answered, ‘Of course I don’t. If I did I would fix it.’ She said, ‘It’s all in your mind!’”

“I wouldn’t like to tell you what I called her for saying that to me. But she came back later and said, ‘You know, you have got it in your mind that you have a bad back and you’re going to be in a wheelchair, and that is colouring everything. In spite of all you know and all you teach other people, you’ve got it in your mind that you are going to be in a wheelchair.’ She rubbed that in and I told her what I thought of her. I churned it over and over. I said, ‘You cannot catch me out on that.’ But I was caught.”

“The minister said to the doctor,” So what did you do? I’m interested to hear.”

“Well, I threw it out! The thought of my bad back, and so on, the wheelchair, and every other blooming thing.”

“What happened?”

“Well, my back was all right then, from then on.”

Collet was still thinking of his own back, and looking at the time. He said, “My bus goes in quarter of an hour. Have you got anything for me? A diet or anything?”

“You don't need a diet. Come here. Stand up for a minute.”

I stood up and he put his hand on my shoulder and said, “Lord, help this young fellow to get his eyes open and see that he is all right.” Then, “Good day! Off you go!”

I grabbed my bag and began to tear down the road, watching for the bus. When I got to the stop, I realised I had been running. The pain was gone!

His testimony, and my realising he had come the same way, shifted my mind about. His wife had given him shock treatment, and he gave me shock treatment. It's the shock treatment that moves your mind from one mental picture to a new one. It puts you into a new gear.

I just went on from there. Later on he wrote to me and we corresponded. I used to call in every time I went down to Wellington. Later I brought him back to New Plymouth with me and we had a mass meeting with quite a lot of correspondence.

When I moved out of the church, he wrote, “Congratulations on being turned out of the synagogue. Now we have a fellow feeling. Now you will begin to learn!” Then he began to write little bits for me to publish in the Truth Seeker. For about 25 years he has written two or three different series.

We've kept in touch and he has shared some of his experiences to help me understand how people are dealt with. One case made an impression on me. I don't know any names, but it was a woman diagnosed with double breast cancers. She was due for surgery within a week. Before she went into hospital a friend brought her to Ulric to see what he could do.

He told me, “I asked her to let me have a look, and there they were, two beauties. Having been a surgeon I knew one or two years would be her limit, though they are doing better now. My challenge was how to get at the cause of it. I said, “What are you hiding? I don't want any lies.”

“I am not hiding anything. I am a Christian. I go to church every Sunday.”

“You must be hiding something. You don't get those for nothing. Go back to the beginning. Go back a few years. Tell me something in your life that should not be there.”

“Oh well, about 15 years ago I had a love affair. I really wanted this man and I thought he wanted me. I told him there was a baby on the way. He said, “I will marry you, but I am not going to live with you. I will give the baby a name, and then I am going to disappear.”

That was the best I could get out of him. We went through the marriage ceremony, legally married, and he disappeared leaving me to have the baby on my own. I've never seen him since. She is 15 now. She is a nice girl. We have a quiet life, living together.”

Ulric said, “And all this time, spiritually speaking, you've been beating your breasts in remorse. What have you been saying to yourself?”

“I have been saying what any woman would have said, “I've spoilt my life, spoilt his life, spoilt my child's life.”

He said, “Right, it's been bang, bang, bang on your breasts, spiritually and mentally speaking. Yet you say you have been living a quiet life.”

“I never go out anywhere, except to church on Sunday.”

“When you do go to church you are a hypocrite.”

“Oh no. I try to be sincere.”

“Look, I suppose you believe in the forgiveness of sins? And you keep repeating 'washed in the blood of the Lamb.' But you have not believed it, otherwise you wouldn't have had this reaction. What you have to do is to believe it when you go to church. Do you believe that the Lord has forgiven you?”

“Oh yes of course, of course!”

“Well, forgive yourself, and stop beating your breasts and saying I have spoilt my life, etc. Accept forgiveness from now on. Throw the whole thing out. There is no sin left. It is washed away. Say to yourself, 'It is OK. Everything is good now.' Go back to your own home. Postpone this trip to the doctor and the hospital. Go through these words in your mind, 'I am cleansed in the blood of the Lamb. I do receive pardon in the name of the Lord. I am accepting forgiveness. I am condemned no more.' Keep it up! Cleanse your mind and come back to see me in a fortnight.”

You know that was a challenge! She came back in a fortnight and one was almost completely gone, the other took a bit longer. She escaped both operations, and both came away perfectly clean. Just by cleansing her mind, and accepting forgiveness deep down in her mind.

There were other cases along the same lines. Ulric realised that his main job after he changed from surgery was to get to the cause of the troubles. He had been working for 14 years as a surgeon at the Wanganui Hospital, day after day, tearing out appendices and other things and feeling it was not the right thing to do, to be mutilating the bodies God had given these people. But he did not know anything else. It was the way he had been taught.

He began to be convicted about this constant surgery, constant handing out of medicine. He felt there was no real help in it. So he gave up his practice. He said to me, “Several times the Lord met me at the door and said, 'How long are you going to go on doing this Williams?' I began to get convicted more and more.”

You know, he was a wild man in his way. A fine youth in his earliest days. A very rugged man, very forthright. It took drastic dealings to bring him to repentance. He was a great drinker and boozer. Liked the girls. He told me how he was pulled up on that. “The Lord put his fist in my face and said, 'Once more, Williams, and you are cut off!' and I stopped in my tracks.”

He was drastic man in those days, and a good servant of the devil. When he became converted he was just as much the other way. He was that type of man. He would not have got his message over if he had not been. He had to have a deep experience on the negative side before he could be strong on the positive side. He was still very rugged when he dealt with some of his patients. He called it ‘explosive healing’.

One day I was in his waiting room. The man beside me went through before me, and in five minutes I heard unprintable language coming through the door. Soon the man bounced out of the other door, crossed the passage and went out like a thunderstorm. I went in next and commented on what I had heard. I said, “You can't talk to patients like that!”

He replied, “Oh well, the silly fool that he is! He has already let those blighters have his appendix! Now he is getting ready to let them have his gall bladder! He won't listen to common sense!”

Ulric stormed on for a bit until he calmed down. I had my time with him and a talk. I was walking down the street (having missed my bus as usual) when I saw the man on a street corner, rolling a cigarette. I said, “We met a little while ago in Dr Williams' surgery. You did not sound very happy in there?”

He said, "What a monster! I came all the way from Dunedin for this interview. It cost me all my savings. The only man I wanted to see was Ulric Williams."

I said to him, "I wouldn't throw it all out of your mind. It might have been needed. There may have been a bit of shock treatment in it. You had better think over what he said."

That was his method you see, when he felt that people were unreceptive, would not listen and were going the old way of the doctors. I suppose he offered the man diet treatment, or new thought treatment and saw he was not getting the message home. He just opened up all valves at once and told him what a fool he was. I hoped that on the way home the man might think again about what the doctor had said, seeing that it cost him so much.

Over the years I have seen many people in distress, and souls in shock. I can see now from my experience, that there is no real healing until we change from within, until we get a new outlook. Sometimes we want to use a good man here, or a good man there, or something else. We want healing without changing. But we don't get far that way. Even Jesus could not heal certain people if they were not willing to change from within. But those who were receptive could receive instant healing.

It depends on the state of spiritual growth and receptivity. Unless people have got to a stage of receiving new thoughts, and being willing to work on the lines of the New Testament, neither Ulric Williams nor Christ himself can change them or help them. But when the change has taken place, or the person is ready for it, people like Ulric Williams are very valuable indeed.

His cases of positive healing were wonderful. Those people with a receptive state of mind who were ready to obey and make the necessary changes, always got healing I believe.

But others just wanted him to act like an ordinary doctor. "Let him heal me and I will pay my money and carry on life as usual." That is the way most people use the medical service, as a means to save them from pain and distress.

But to change their lives, or their thinking, or their daily habits, would be another matter altogether. If the doctor says, "Now let us look into the psychology of this and see how you are living, and how you are thinking. Let us make some drastic changes," half the patients would not go back to him. They would look for an easier way, another doctor who would give some pills to take the pain away.

Think about smoking. Lots of people I talk to daily are coughing and spluttering. I say, "Look at you smoking, that is not right, knock it off."

They say, "No, I am not prepared to do that." When they get an attack they will ring their doctor and expect him to supply them with pills to save them at the critical moment without asking them to change their habits.

Ulric Williams was more than a doctor. He was a reformer trying to teach people right living. He told me that, "*The real duty of the medical profession should be to teach people how to be healthy. Doctor means teacher.*" He kept repeating in his magazine articles that doctors should be there to teach people how to live healthily, not to sit back and trade on their sicknesses after they have got them.

There was one magazine article that I thought was terrible. He said, "*Doctors are 'disease-mongers' and churches 'sin factories'. Patients are put through the doctor's hands by the hundreds, the doctor collecting from them all the time. They are no better than the ministers who are always harping on about sin, and saying you must come to our church and receive our ceremony, or our salvation, and you pay as you come in. They are trading on sin, not on righteousness.*"

"If people were living righteously and happily, in tune with the Infinite, there would be no need to support thousands of ministers and priests and all their paraphernalia. But these have stepped in between the people and the Lord. They imply that if you want to touch the Lord and become righteous, you must come to us. We use instruments."

I can see that now. I see it more strongly than ever.

(I interrupted him at this point saying, "I sometimes listen to 'Faith for Today' (a programme on the National Radio Programme in the 1970's). I think young ministers are more in touch with God than the old ministers that I used to hear when I was young.")

Changes must come in every direction. Changes are coming. People are broadening out. Eventually they will see that there is no need for established churches. People only have to tune in and live righteously.

In a town the size of New Plymouth there are dozens of denominations, each with a few paid representatives. All are vying for the same people to enter their church to keep it alive and give them a living."

(I said, "Don't you think they only want to introduce people to Jesus? It does not matter about it being in their church.")

If that was so, they would go out among the people more. I have been 25 years in the church, and out of it for 25 years. At present I have a job that keeps me in touch with hundreds of people all the time. It is far easier for me now to speak the truth to people in the measure they need it, than when I was a minister. Then I was shut up in my group. I had to show loyalty to those above me, and show a kind of balance sheet of people and finances every half year. "How many new members have you made? How are your finances going up?" I always felt those at the top were watching how I got on. I was not free to move in and out among the people. I could not say what I wanted to say. There were a set of tenets (dogmatic beliefs) to uphold and be faithful to.

After I had been in it for a while, I found that I was being hindered by the very thing I had thought was going to help me. I went into it in all sincerity. I left it and went wild for a while, but then I came back and got into the work again.

Newton Carnell, a golfing friend (younger than the doctor)

He had no time for orthodox religion, even until the day of his death. His whole heart and soul was in Christianity. I feel today that religion and Christianity have less and less affinity as time goes on. His analysis of the Bible would have more in common with the average man than with orthodox religion.

Religiously 'Doc' was quite hopeless, wasn't with it, didn't want it and did not enjoy it, but in a Christian spirit he was way ahead of most people I have ever known.

As a sinner he was also 'tops'. He liked his physical things, like his golf. He was probably one of the best golfers I have ever seen. But he spoilt it by getting upset unless he played a shot perfectly. The end-result (winning) didn't worry him, but the actual functions to provide that result, worried him a lot. He taught me to play golf, the psychology of the game, and something about the ethics of the game. He taught me that it doesn't matter a damn if you win or lose. Some of his own ardent desire for perfection rather than results may have lost me matches.

He was a fantastic athlete. When he retired to the Hikurangi Home he gave away more cups and bits and pieces than anybody ever did. Even from away back in his college days with cricket and athletics.

He had golf cups by the mile almost. At his height his handicap was plus 3, which is quite remarkable. I think he probably won everything to be won in Wanganui. He was also a very

good cricketer and quite a good footballer.

I can remember Molly his wife, but I just cannot describe her. My wife thinks the same. She was a delightful person, not only charming but she had an integrity of her own. Not a soft person and not a hard one, a very common sense, down-to-earth person.

I think she had a lot to do with Doc's success in life. He was too much of a mystic. He had all the drive and everything else but probably not the stability which was required. Molly brought him back to earth and provided the stability. I personally think she was a fantastic woman. They played golf together a lot.

At the age of 80 he would meet her in Victoria Avenue, take her up in his arms and kiss her.

He looked over his shoulder once and saw me, and said, "Do you mind if we have a cup of coffee?" I often wagged work just to meet him and go down and have this cup of coffee. Of the very few people I can count among my friends we had this simple affinity.

That man had more to do with my life and my direction than any other I have ever known. Not in trying to make me a better man, more moral and more Christian. He tried to make me think and do the things he considered were right and good for me. He showed infinite patience in doing this.

Since he has gone I have sat back and thought about his infinite patience and it still astounds me. I came out of the army and I was totally different in many ways. I had it rough and had grown up in a more physical and rough way than he had. Although he had been a good athlete, he had never done the things that I had done in the army. I would tell him what happened in the war. He realised that things leave a scar.

It is very hard to describe the effect that one man can have on another without bearing down. He would let you collapse only to pick you up again and then tell you about it, just to teach you. That is what he did to me.

The kindness and patience that he showed! He knew my daughter was dying before I did and he kept it to himself. He wrote many letters to her and he gave her comfort that even we could not give her. My son-in-law recognises this. What we did know was the comfort and the kindness that he gave us. It was something you do appreciate.

When he was getting old and could not do things for himself, it was my turn to talk to him and help him. He was not a man who grew old with patience. He could not forgive himself for not being able to do the things he thought he ought to be able to do.

I was able, I hope, to provide some of the things that he had given me during the time I had known him. It became my turn to be patient, and argue, and try to talk him out of the naughty little ways that you get into when you get old. He was horribly impatient at times. It distressed him, like it distresses me now that I am getting old not to be able to do things that we ought to be capable of.

I thought the day he sold his motorcar he would die, I firmly believed that. That little car was not so much a possession as a sort of symbol. When he could not drive it and control it, and no longer control himself, then he did not want to live. I was right, he just turned his face to the wall and did not want to live. That is my story as far as 'Doc' is concerned.

The things he did for people, and I know quite a few, I can only tell one story about this. 'Doc' told it in a much more bawdy way than I do. They carried an elderly gentleman into his Home when he was down at Aramoho. He either had rheumatoid arthritis or some sort of rheumatics. Anyway he was completely incapacitated and was carried in on a stretcher. Doc's remark was, "When

everybody else has finished with them and can do nothing more for them, they send them to me. I

am not a bloody miracle worker.”

He told this old gentleman, “*I might be able to get you to stand up again.*”

The old boy said, “All right.” But it was many, many weeks, with a sort of almost Christian Science attitude and complete faith in himself that he went about this. A glass of milk, juice of three oranges, and three enemas a day. That is all he got. Until he got to such a stage that 'Doc' got worried and said, “*How much more can you stand?*” The old boy was as game as Ned Kelly and said, “I can stand what you can give.” Finally they sat him on the end of the bed and they got him to stand up.

I can't remember how long it took, but he walked out that gate. The proof of this was not in what Dr Williams told me, but he showed me a letter that the old man wrote. He lived up Auckland way. I have forgotten his name and I vaguely remember the date and his age. It said, “*Dear Dr Williams. This is to tell you how grateful I am. I am now 75 and I still walk my five miles every day.*”

(I might have met that old man. When I was in Dr Williams' convalescent home there was a man who had been there for nine months. I used to play golf with him in a paddock at the back of the Home. He had fallen off a horse and broken his back and had been in a plaster cast for a year. When they got the plaster off he was like a plaster cast of himself, just rigid. He was a farmer, aged 70. He went home three or four weeks later. Brenda Sampson)

There was another friend of mine. I cannot remember whether it was a burst appendix or appendicitis, but the orthodox decision was that Rowley had to be operated on. I don't remember all the details, but at this stage the ambulance had been sent for. He then decided to ring Ulric and he told him all about it.

Ulric said “*I can fix that.*”

When the ambulance got to the gate he cancelled it and sent it back. Dr Williams told me that this business of pulling out appendices is simply shocking. He just sat his patients up in bed and gave them boiled water and nothing else, and when it was gone it was finished.

I personally think he had marvellous knowledge. He kept Molly alive far beyond her time. She was so very frail, almost ethereal. You would not believe it. You could have lifted her up with one hand. He forced her and willed her to stay alive, and at this particular point she waited on him. He would dry the dishes, but she still cooked and made the meals and gained in health. She was a dominant personality in her own right. They were both dominant personalities and neither would ever give in, so they would call a truce.

Those card evenings we used to have. I don't think he did it on purpose, but if he was losing he would start an argument, and Molly would not give in, definitely not.

I have never been so interested in two people. They had almost antipathy for each other in one way, and a complete affinity in another way. Can you work that one out? I never could.

(I only saw her one day for a brief moment when I visited the surgery. She was in the rose garden and just said, “Good morning.” But I still see her quite clearly. Brenda Sampson)

She was a person you could never forget, very dignified. I can remember once a young man friend of hers came up in a very humble car, a bomb and offered her a lift home. At the same time a lady friend said, “I will drive you home.” But she said, “No thank you, I am going home with John.” She always looked so beautiful and I did not think she would go with him, but sure enough she did. They rattled along the driveway and I can still see her now, sitting up there, looking almost royal.

I used to lift her up and carry her up the steps and set her down, and she would say, “Thank

you darling." She always asked me to have a little drink which I did. Frankly I think I loved her. I never in my life met someone so strong and yet so tender.

I once got a bit intense about my job. I was overworking and drinking too much and doing everything that was wrong. He told me afterwards that he could see a mental aberration. He said to me, "*What's the use of you trying to play golf. You're not even thinking about it. You line it up and your mind goes blank and it's gone.*"

I said, "Oh well, things are a bit awkward at the moment."

Doc said, "*Just let things sort themselves out. Don't worry about it. Stop being too intense and worried.*"

But I wouldn't take any notice of this. Finally I collapsed and crawled around the floor one night in awful agony. I said to my wife Thelma, "Ring him up for God's sake!"

He comes out, takes one look and makes the most coarse remark I have ever heard. He said, "*It's chop, chop for you, my boy!*"

I said, "What chop, chop?"

He said, "*You have got to go and get operated on.*"

I said, "Good God! I thought you were a Naturopath! I don't want to get chopped."

He said, "*This is what you are going to do boy, unless you want to lie here for six to eight months. If you would play ball then we could probably heal it. But I will go and arrange the op.*"

I said, "Like hell you will. I've had you."

He replied, "*You just lie there and I will fix it up.*"

In the end, I still smoked. I couldn't stop that. He stopped me for twelve months. Any way he went down to the hospital and they took me in.

Of course, he was on the wrong side of the medical barrier. If you are not an orthodox medic, you are not a medic at all. The medicine man of today does not like new tricks. He does not want anything that smacks of faith healing, chiropractic, or manipulators of any sort. 'Doc' stepped out of this world and into his own a long, long time before I met him.

Pat Grieg

I did not meet Dr Williams personally, but knew him very well by letter writing. I was in bed for quite a number of years and wrote to him to ask if he could help a friend of mine in America, which he did. He then asked me if he could help me.

He was a wonderful person. I found him so very kind and understanding. With his diet I slowly built up my nervous system and blood. For years now I have walked and get around enjoying life. He must have been wonderful to know. I have always regretted not meeting him in person. Those who did meet him were privileged.

Mrs Bracy Gardiner

My memories of the doctor and Mrs Williams go back to January 1940. I remember them both as so kind and understanding to me. They were extremely busy at that time as his wife Mary helped the doctor with typing and with his extensive letter writing.

We had many discussions and arguments about health and what it entailed. Looking back I feel that the doctor needed this, and lacked it as the years went by. He needed the stimulation of discussions, adverse discussions, to keep him thinking along positive lines and to keep his mind

open and receptive. But really everyone needs this.

The doctor was positive and sensitive in his approach to people who responded, but he could be harsh in his efforts to break through a crust of apathy or indifference.

He was before his time and encountered much resistance from his colleagues. This caused him much loneliness, though I felt more tact on his part would have been helpful in this situation. Today his beliefs are common knowledge and cause no comment. There has been rapid change in medical and scientific research. A balanced diet is accepted without question.

Ulric Williams was not interested in making money and was generous to a fault. I saw many instances of this. He was a good bridge player, a good golfer, and had many silver cups for swimming and other athletic pursuits.

I loved Ulric and Mary Williams and regretted that we lived so far apart. They taught me much and wrote regularly to me, but unfortunately I am not a letter hoarder.

I doubt if Ulric Williams could have accomplished what he did without the help and support of his wife. She was gracious, long-suffering, intelligent and a very charming woman. I am grateful to them for the love, teaching and understanding which they so willingly and graciously gave me.

Lily Elliott

Dr Williams was interested in the ideas and work of Unity (an American Christian movement that emphasises the healing power and loving-kindness of God and encourages positive spiritual attitudes). The staff at Aramoho also found Unity helpful and their booklets were available in the Homes. I still find them helpful.

At the time of my contacts with the doctor (1950) he was subjected to much opposition.

He often had patients living in his own house, special and often serious cases. He was willing to help others, even at some risk to himself. He was not concerned about material wealth, believing that all would be well. I don't think he ever sent a bill to patients.

M. Seidric

Dr Williams treated me for a run-of-the-mill disease due to faulty diet. His regime was a tough one. After doing my morning farm chores, lasting over three hours, I was to have a cold plunge before breakfast. This seemed the last straw, and I was hungry.

I assure you I used to cuss him at this point, but as soon as I started cussing and feeling it was just too much, I immediately felt an invincible beam of support which could only have come from him. After a few mornings of this, I noticed that this beam seemed to be coming through a south-facing window, and he was about 400 miles away, due south.

I am convinced that this beam from him was available all the time, but I was on the wave length to receive it only below a certain 'low'.

I assure you I was in a most unreceptive mood, so I think invincible is the right word. However, after a month or two of his treatment, even walking up hills I felt that I didn't even have a body, movement was so light and effortless.

Name withheld

During the early days of the war, my little daughter was taken ill in a small house in Aramoho, Wanganui. Being a traveller I knew no one in Wanganui, but her rasping cough at 2am in the morning really alarmed me.

With the usual maternal forebodings I thought, pneumonia at the least! What to do? Suddenly I remembered that the doctor-writer of a book I had recently read lived in Wanganui. Dare I ring

him, Dr Ulric Williams?

I dared, standing shivering in the hall of the boarding house. A reassuring voice over the phone said, “*Don't worry, I'll be there in about a quarter of an hour,*” and he was.

I let him in the front door and he sat on my small daughter's bed and talked. She watched him between coughs. He said, “*She has a bit of laryngitis. Keep her on fruit and I'll be out to see her tomorrow.*”

He was as good as his word. At 10am on Easter Saturday he came back, this time on his bicycle with a splendid big dog sitting up behind. The landlady said, “He got his stethoscope out of that dog basket” and looked at me in horror, but I never knew whether he did or not, and certainly didn't care.

I had complete faith in him and from that day always consulted him on any health problems, though it usually meant a journey from New Plymouth to Wanganui, or a consultation by telephone. But we never failed to get well under his guidance.

The little girl is now married and has a little girl of her own that she put under his care from Auckland. She had a letter from him not long before his death with the same reassuring messages that have made him one of our great men of all time.

Yet I read his book in the first place only out of admiration for its flawless prose. Of all that it really meant, I was not aware until quite some time later.

Name withheld

I went to Wanganui in 1965 and spent almost a month there, staying with Miss McDougall in the Home in Parsons Road. I had many long talks with the doctor in the course of treatment and grew to know, honour and respect this man, who I think was born before his time.

He came under much criticism, especially from the medical profession who did not understand the true nature of his healing. Of course he made mistakes, but who does not? I think he was a great man, frustrated and thwarted many times in his attempts to help mankind.

I contracted arthritis when my son was born in 1950 and became partially crippled in the hands and a foot, as well as signs of it elsewhere. I had treatment with aspirin and gold injections, etc. All these drugs and the inability to get at the cause instead of just treating the symptoms, led me to contact Dr Williams.

I am glad I did. He taught me to look at life in a different way, and I have never looked back. Arthritis is still with me, but now not many of my friends know I ever had it. What I have remains static. I can go tramping, cycle, dig the garden, do yoga, and use my hands for anything, whereas once I had difficulty in putting on my baby's nappies.

Life is good to me and I enjoy every minute of it.

Name withheld

I had seen a photograph of Dr Williams, but did not realise it was him to whom I was introduced half an hour after arriving at Nurse Burson's house at Somme Parade, Aramoho. I was there for six weeks in 1941.

He was tall, with a pleasant and kindly manner. He seemed to sense my nervous state quickly when we shook hands, but at no time did he ask for any information regarding my reason for wanting to see him. We were all guests and not patients.

I loved the way he would recline in a chair, completely relaxed, *'letting go and letting God'.* Then quietly chatting to us, either individually or in a small group about the importance of right thinking, right living, and right eating. Lack of these is so often the cause of our sicknesses.

To be unforgiving, resentful, jealous, etc, hinders the healing which we may be seeking. The peace of Christ is always with us. We have the power to turn our thoughts from the situations around us, to become inwardly quiet and calm.

Miss Carson, who came to the home daily to help with our exercises, had herself been a very sick person, suffering from asthma and bronchitis. I saw a photo of her taken during that time. She wore heavy spectacles and looked unhealthy. It was hard to believe she was the same person. She asked if she could come and run these daily classes after she had been restored to full health.

One little old lady of 60 who had been in the Wellington hospital for some time, was sent to Wanganui to see Dr Williams. I have never seen such a pathetic looking person, exactly like a little withered apple, bed-ridden and so very frail, She told Dr Williams that the Lord had taken away her fiance 40 years previously, and she had been full of resentment ever since.

An unmarried accountant was partly paralysed in both legs. He lived with his widowed mother. He was in love with a desirable lady, but was afraid to risk marriage when he was so comfortably cared for by his mother. We must use our creative instincts in some way, not necessarily by being married. Teaching, nursing, etc, help to satisfy these instincts. This man was much improved when I left, but I don't know the end of his story.

The Rev Lionel Richards, an Anglican minister from Christchurch benefited considerably from the period he spent in Wanganui. Although I did not know him, it helped me in my decision to go there too. I had been told that Dr Williams was against orthodox religion because the churches were filled with people who did not practise what they preached. They prayed but were still full of fear.

A widowed wife of a clergyman once said to me, "I was at my lowest ebb when my husband died and I was left with five young children. But a friend said to me, "Do you pray about it? If so, why worry? And if you worry, why pray?"

After all this time I look back on those six weeks as the most worthwhile period in my life. I am now 70, and acknowledge that I do not always keep rigidly to the wisest eating habits. However, I do know that my so called incurable skin trouble, for which I had all sorts of treatment over a period of years, and also my inward goitre, were finally cured.

Maire Tidey, Naturopath

(I asked Maire Tidey, a Naturopath if she remembered any of Dr Williams' sayings.)

"I am sure you'll find many quotable sayings in Ulric's book. My conversations with him tended towards more personal matters – scoldings, exhortations, praise (very seldom and not always deserved at that), squabbling, arguing, exasperation (on both sides), tempered by respect and affection. However here are one or two I remember.

"If you want to become good, be good! If you want to become well, be well!"

"All you have to do is to stand out of your own light, and let the blessings pour in on you."

"Everything you want or need is waiting for you, not even waiting to be taken, just waiting for you to allow it to happen to you."

"Healing comes to those who want health, to use it for right, not just for their own selfish ends."

"Don't say, 'Please God' say 'Thank you Father."

Incidentally, the last one is an echo of my own thoughts, habits and exhortations to others.

I do not agree with the people who told you that Ulric would not want a biography. He loved and welcomed appreciation (not adulation) of himself as a channel for healing and help. He resented, often bitterly, the neglect and abuse which fell to him from time to time. He allowed

himself to be more moved and shaken by it than he should.

I have learnt to shrug it off. It comes to all healers or 'channels' but it seemed to hurt him more as he got older. Also Ulric would certainly not disapprove of an unbiased biography if it could help in any way to spread his gospel of health and well-being.

His great gifts were loving-kindness and enthusiasm. His great faults were intolerance and a closed mind that couldn't see merit in what he didn't believe.

His enthusiasm, convictions, and loving kindness functioned through whatever form of treatment he happened to be using at the time.

Mr Christie, a surgeon and his great friend called him a saint. He was a saint, with the failings as well as the virtues of many better known saints.

Fan E. Oborn

I always admired Dr Williams for continuing to live in Wanganui after his conversion. He was much criticised, but I felt that just as St Paul was arrested on the road to Damascus, so Dr Williams was called for a special purpose. His so-called new-fangled ideas are now being carried out by psychiatrists and doctors.

Mrs Sybil Woods his niece is a marvellous person. If you have not already met her I hope you will eventually be able to do so. I know that she thought the world of her uncle.

Ulric Williams in his own words

“The tongue of the wise heals” Proverbs 12:18

Ulric Williams was a popular speaker and writer. People were cured by reading his books without ever consulting him in person. It probably still happens today.

He wrote five books. They are out of print, but some are still available in public libraries or by inter-library loan. For a list of his books, pamphlets and articles see the last page of this book.

Teachings and sayings of Ulric Williams

He would say, **“Everyone comes to me seeking health. Health is not a thing to be sought for its own sake. Health is one of the rewards for living in the right relationship with God.”**

What is this right relationship with God? Most days when I was at the Home and the weather was fine, Dr Williams would come for his morning talks on a bicycle, with his dog, a golden spaniel. One hot day he pointed to his dog asleep in the shade of a tree and said, **“I love him and he loves me, and trusts me. He is delighted if I invite him to come with me. He is happy to wait for me and goes peacefully to sleep until I am ready to leave. We should have this same loving, trusting relationship with God.”**

He believed intensely in the goodness and loving-kindness of God. Also his idea of the right relationship with God was to respect Nature and the laws of Nature. He said that disease comes from breaking these laws, and that not knowing them was no protection against the ill effects of breaking them.

About Doctors

“Doctor means teacher. A doctor's chief duty is to teach people how to be well.” He used his morning talks to do this.

“Most disease comes from fear. A doctor's first duty is to allay fear.”

A Nelson chiropractor Earl Conroy said, *“50% of our life is fear. This is what pays for the livelihood of all the chiropractors, doctors, psychologists and psychiatrists in the world.”*

Although he was a medical doctor, trained in diagnosis, Dr Williams didn't think naming the diagnosis helpful to the patient. He said, **“When you tell a patient the name of his disease, this fixes his mind on it, and that is the worst thing that can happen.”**

He respected doctors, many of whom are dedicated people. But he did not respect medical training. He said, **“I never became a real doctor until I forgot 95% of what I learnt at Edinburgh.”**

About Diet

“If you are well and want to stay that way, half your food should be eaten raw. If you are sick and want to get better, three quarters of your food should be eaten raw.”

Helpful books are Leslie Kenton's “Raw Energy” and “Raw Energy Recipes” and Julie Stafford's “Taste of Life” and “Taste of Life for Children.”

About Fasting

“Man is the only animal that hasn't got enough sense to stop eating when he is sick.”

He told me a story of a butcher who cut his upper arm badly with his butcher's knife. It

became infected and swelled out big as a football. The butcher was frightened, but the doctor said, **“Don't be afraid. If you do what I tell you, it will be better in three days.”**

And so it was. The treatment was to fast, drink plenty of water, and take lots of lemon juice and vitamin C with the water. This will alleviate most acute infections.

About Faith

“Faith means expecting good.”

Faith is an old fashioned word for optimism. An old rhyme says, *“Life is mostly froth and bubble, but two things stand like stone, kindness in another's trouble, courage in your own.”* Courage is what faith looks like to other people. If you know there is something in the future that is so good it is worth waiting for, this gives you the courage to keep going. If you have faith in a good outcome it gives you courage to keep going in the face of difficulties.

He taught me about the power of belief, that by believing or expecting a thing will happen, we help to create it. Fear is expecting a bad thing to happen, and our fear helps it to happen. Faith is expecting a good thing to happen, and by expecting good we help to create it.

He taught people to throw out fear by trusting in God's loving care and protection. And to throw out resentment by forgiving people who annoy us. Forgiveness means saying, *“It doesn't matter.”*

He would say, **“Faith means to expect a good outcome. Our faith must be so strong that nothing can upset us. Our aim must be to become imperturbable.”**

“Expect to be healed. Know that God can heal you, and that he loves you and wants to heal you. Don't watch and measure your symptoms while waiting. A watched pot never boils.”

“Faith is like posting a letter. You expect it to be delivered so you forget about it. You don't sit and worry whether it will be delivered.”

About Prayer

“When you pray, don't say please, say thank you.”

If it is a good thing, God has already given it to you. Like a loving human father, he wants his children to have every good thing. Our job is to say thank you, and wait happily for it to appear.

“Everything begins first on the spiritual plane, then becomes mental, then becomes physical.”

People think physical things are more real than mental and spiritual ideas. Perhaps it is difficult to believe you are healed when you aren't aware of it and may be still in pain. But things can be real when they are coming to you. Sunlight is real from the time it leaves the sun, before it is felt as warmth on the skin.

About Disease

“The body can mimic any disease that has ever made a strong and frightening impression on that person's mind.”

“Disease is nothing but a mental habit, a disgusting mental habit.”

Collet Saunders said in his interview with me that Dr Williams' shock treatment moved his mind from one mental picture to a new one. When his mental habit changed, he recovered.

A boy working in an office was asked what his job was. **“I'm the doer,”** he replied.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, the boss tells the accountant what he wants done, and the accountant tells the chief clerk, and he tells me, and I do it.”

In the same way the subconscious mind is the body's doer. It overhears everything that we think or say, and does it. If a person says, **“I have arthritis”** this is what the subconscious does. It maintains the arthritis. Dr Williams called this habit **“a disease consciousness.”**

Because Ulric Williams thought happiness such an important ingredient in health, he used to come for an hour each morning and call his patients together in a group and talk to them about how to use the mind to create happiness and health.

He would use a projector in a cinema as an example. It has a light and a film, and throws a picture onto a screen. The light is our life force or vitality. The film is our thoughts, the screen is our body. The picture on the screen represents all our experiences. Then he would say, **“If the operator wants to change the picture, he changes the film. If we want to change our circumstances, or our experiences, or our environment, or our health, we have to change our thoughts.”**

About Change

He was trying to get me to make changes in my own life and thinking. I said to him, "I'll try."

He said, **“I don't want you to try, I want you to do it! You are going down hill! I want you to turn around and go up hill and you say, 'I'll try!'”**

He spoke about people's unwillingness to change, and their resistance to change.

“No disease is incurable, but some patients are, because they don't want to change. They go down to death like sheep in a slaughter race, just because they will not change.”

“The thoughts in our minds fight like the citizens of a besieged city, to keep new thoughts out.”

The matron of one of Dr Williams' convalescent homes was a Sister Agnes MacDougall. I visited her years later, probably in the late 1970's and asked her while there how many of the doctor's patients were cured.

She said, *“Not everyone could stay long enough for a complete cure. But I think almost all improved while they were here. I only remember one man who didn't. He was so angry about the whole treatment that he went home in a week.”*

About Healing

“You don't have to do anything to get better, all you need is to stop doing what is wrong. If you really want to know what that is, your divine intelligence will tell you. Your body has a healing power that will heal you when you stop making yourself sick.”

Magazine and newspaper articles written by Dr Ulric Williams

A medical doctor has his eyes opened

I have often been asked what made me change from being just an orthodox medico. I had been born with a sentimental nature, sympathetic towards unhappiness and suffering. For two years I studied at Cambridge University, and in 1918 graduated from Edinburgh in medicine and surgery.

For 14 years I practised what I had been taught. Then in 1929 came the Great Slump. By 1932 the plight of those out of employment and their families had become desperate. Conditions were tough all right, children sleeping on the floor with newspapers for covering. No fire. No light. Precious little to eat, and worst of all, no hope. Bankruptcies and suicides increasing.

I had been doing my best to alleviate some of these heart-rending miseries and getting nowhere. I did not know what I was to discover later – that they had been deliberately inflicted by those who controlled world finance. They still do. We could and should, control it ourselves.

Late in 1932, a meeting of intercession, sponsored by the local Ministers Association was held in Cook's Gardens in Wanganui. A friend and I went. Proceedings opened dramatically with 1200 unemployed men in columns of four, marching onto the ground. Together with their dependants this represented perhaps 5000 people deprived of the necessities of life.

In his introductory address at the meeting, Archdeacon J. K. Young maintained that the ultimate root of this tribulation was individual and therefore collective, a defective regard for the Spirit of Life, or God, and his relevant conditions or laws.

"If anyone here would like to know more of God," said Mr Young in the course of his talk, *"I suggest you do this when you get home. Go into a room by yourself, shut the door, kneel down, close your eyes, put out your hands, take your Saviour's hands in your own, and say to him, 'From now on I am your man.'"*

I don't know what else Mr Young said, but he had certainly spoken to me. On the way home I thought to myself, "What a proposition! Suppose Jesus is real and heard what you said. You don't know what you might be letting yourself in for. You couldn't fool him, and there is no point in fooling yourself. You'd be definitely committed."

When I arrived home I was still undecided. One part of me wanted to do as the minister advised, but the other side hung back. So I argued with myself, or was it with Him? "You are always protesting how sincere you are. What's wrong? Are you scared?"

So, on an impulse I did as Mr Young had suggested. I went to my consulting room, shut the door, knelt down by my big leather chair, closed my eyes, and put out my hands. Though my eyes were shut, I clearly saw standing beside me, palms outward, a man, dressed in a long white robe. Taken by surprise I involuntarily drew back and the vision (was it?) disappeared.

During the next few months I became steadily more uneasy about my medical practice. Something was obviously terribly wrong (it still is).

How was I to know then, that what I had been taught at two of the world's great medical schools, by some of the most distinguished scientists of the day, was to the extent of 80%, perhaps 90%, nothing but human misinterpretation of distorted sense impressions? "Why all this

disease?" I kept asking myself.

At last I began writing down things I could see were causing disease – smoking, abuse of liquor, overeating, lack of exercise and fresh air.

Then I wondered whether food might have something to do with it. Just imagine, I had always said to my patients (many doctors still do), "Food has nothing to do with your trouble. Just eat plenty of good nourishing food." And then proceeded myself, like my patients, to subsist on the refined, adulterated, dead, disease-and-death-dealing muck that most people still believe is "good nourishing food."

Where I wondered, was I to find out about food? There was nothing about it in my medical books. Then I recalled a text, "*If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God.*" So, standing in my consulting room I asked God, "Can you show me where I can find out about food?" He could, and did.

It was strange, that my wife had just been telling me about a woman recently back from England, who said that impurities in the blood had a lot to do with disease, and that these impurities were mostly due to ignorant or wilful misuse of foods.

"Well, well, does she indeed?" I had exploded, "Just wait till I meet the fat old washerwoman. I'll show her where she gets off."

A couple of weeks after my prayer, my wife and I were invited by people we hardly knew, to a river picnic. The launch tied up beside a wooden jetty. The first item on the programme was a swim. I loved swimming, so was soon in my togs. One of the party was a young lady, perhaps in her 30's, also in togs and especially easy on the eye. Perhaps it was by accident that I found myself sitting beside her when it was time for lunch.

"What do you think of the picnic?" she asked.

"Quite something," I replied, "but confidentially, the grub is a bit crook." There was dark brown bread, wholemeal I was told, but being a doctor I always ate white, masses of salad (cow food I called it), wholemeal cake and cookies, and queer drinks which she said were vegetable and fruit juices. Ugh!

On the way home I found myself again (was it by chance?) sitting next to this charming lady. Presently the talk turned to food and it was quickly apparent that she knew not just something, but a whole lot about it. I asked whether she might be good enough to tell me more.

"Bring your wife round after tea," she suggested, "I'll be happy to."

When we were thanking her hours later, I told her, "It might interest you to know that a fortnight ago I was praying to be shown where I could find out about food."

"Strange indeed," she smiled, "it might interest you to hear that a fortnight ago my friend and I were on our knees praying to be sent to a doctor we could talk to about it."

So I had met my "fat old washerwoman" but instead of "telling her where she could get off," I found myself sitting humbly at her feet while she generously gave me my first lesson in Nature Cure.

From the day in 1932 when I had first been turned back towards God, my wife and I began going to the church in which I had been born and brought up. We attended services regularly, including the communion services. We read our Bibles, even prayed a bit, but in religion as in medicine I was still orthodox, and could not heal a soul of a thing. My missionary brother we reckoned, must have partaken of communion some thousands of times, and he could not heal anyone of anything either.

At church I had vague aspirations towards 'spiritual healing' – laying my hands on the sick and praying, whereupon they would get up and stroll off cured. But that was not what happened

at all. I was to undergo some four years of intensive instruction in the theory and practice of Nature Cure first, then diet reform, fasting, chiropractic and osteopathic adjustments, massage, exercises and exercise. By the way, how can anyone expect to get or keep fit if they won't train?

Beyond a hazy idea of the power of suggestion, I did not even know the mind was involved.

Within the next couple of years I found that gratifying recoveries were often due far more to physical methods used. Not perhaps until six years had passed since my original 'conversion' did healings occur in which neither physical nor psychological methods were possible.

There was a vast amount to learn, for instance, something of both physical and spiritual relativity, of the seven stages of consciousness, with their times and seasons, of fluctuating positive and negative polarisation, of the significance and management of acute as well as chronic illnesses, both mental and physical. Why some patients and not others may be expected to respond. Why most recoveries are so disconcertingly gradual and often fluctuate. Why disappointing relapses occur. Why 'beautiful Christians' suffer so much and are so hard to help. Why the apparently wilful blindness of orthodox religion and medicine. And why the public indifference to even the most spectacular recoveries.

Take just one of our thousands of dramatic Nature Cure recoveries, any of which might have been expected to turn a hemisphere downside up. The Rev. Mr Porter was 68 when he came for help. He was crippled with rheumatism, blood pressure and thrombosis and was in constant pain. Several doctors in his home town were agreed on the diagnosis, and all were satisfied that nothing could be done. Unconvinced, he tried again in one of the principal cities. After every possible examination and test the verdict was the same. He was told, "You probably won't see the year out. There is just nothing anyone can do."

How many sufferers who might easily recover are still told that? One medical expert had indignantly protested to him, "Why, you must expect to be like that at your age."

When he came to see us, Mr Porter could hardly struggle on two crutches from a car at the door, to my room. When it was time to go he had to be heaved to his feet, a crutch propped under one arm to steady him, then the other crutch, until he could painfully make his way to the door and the car.

Treatment was neither possible nor required. But Nature given a chance and the materials she needs, can often seem to work miracles. Especially if backed up by confidence, courage, cheerfulness, determination and perseverance.

So Mr Porter was put on a strict Nature Cure diet, mainly vegetables and fruit, much of it raw. On such a regime, sooner or later a reaction in the shape of a sudden feverish upset, with flare-up of symptoms is likely to occur. If it does, a fast is generally indicated.

Acute illnesses are so frequently a vital part of Nature's provision for averting or healing chronic disease. Medical doctors know nothing of this. They are taught that acute illnesses are acute diseases which they must 'cure', by poisons or violence.

Unfortunately for the victims, the more effectually these natural Healing Crises are suppressed, the more inevitably are the foundations likely to be laid for chronic and sooner or later, fatal disease.

Three weeks after Mr Porter's new regime began, the expected reaction occurred. He developed a sore throat, high fever, general malaise, and exaggeration of his usual symptoms.

So a fast was advised. No food whatever, instead, orange juice and water every two hours or so, and a large enema every day. After three days I thought we had better discontinue the fast. Mr Porter was in a perilous plight and if he died it would be too bad for me. Orthodoxy can and does with impunity, slay its victims in battalions. But if a naturopath's patient cannot make it,

there is a hue and cry.

However Mr Porter protested that he felt a bit better and would like to continue. So I agreed to another two days. Then another two days. Then two more. When he had fasted a month he was walking a mile every day, and had sent his crutches and sticks home.

After six weeks on nothing but orange juice and water, he was walking four miles a day. On the sixty-third day of his fast he walked ten miles, "and I could do ten more just as easily now," he assured me. So gradually I broke his fast.

During the nine weeks it had lasted, he lost nearly fifty pounds weight of collected up poisonous waste and useless fat. We calculated that he must have got rid of a four gallon kerosene tin full of solid filth from his bowel alone.

And all the other poison eliminators – lungs, liver, skin, kidneys, lymphatic system and oxygenation – had been in active operation as well.

Four years later, then aged 72, Mr Porter wrote from his new parish in the north. "There cannot be much wrong with Nature's methods. On Friday I walked 16 miles, 12 miles on Saturday, took three services on Sunday at widely scattered localities, and walked every yard of the way, and I am still getting fitter every day.

Yes 'they' (orthodox medicine) know. But they know too that one well directed torpedo can send a crazy piratical junk to Davy Jones (the bottom of the ocean). So it is 'Action Stations,' torpedo nets out, guns trained and manned. Never if anything 'they' can do will prevent it, is the public to be allowed to find out.

Can you bear to hear more examples of noteworthy recoveries? Mr Turner called as a last resort to see whether anything could possibly be done for his wife. She had recently returned home after six months in hospital. Paget's disease he had been told. She would be completely bedridden for the rest of her life, which would not be long, and there was just nothing anyone could do.

When I first saw Mrs Turner she was squatting on her bed looking like some enormous Buddha. X-rays had showed her bones de-mineralised, like chicken bones that had been steeped in acid. Her thigh bones were bent like bows, quite unable to support her colossal weight.

I explained to Mr and Mrs Turner that our bodies need minerals, not only for building strong bones, but also for the elimination of waste products. If the diet is deficient in minerals, the body would leech its essential supplies from teeth and bones. But if we make good the deficiency the weakened tissues may be strengthened again.

I promised Mrs Turner, "Do as I say and one day you will walk to Castlecliff and back," a twelve mile hike.

I wrote out a diet of roughly three quarters vegetable and fruit, and one quarter meat, starchy foods, sugar and fat, plus seaweed tablets and vitamin capsules. Regular light exercises in bed to begin with.

For a few weeks I called every day or two, then twice a week. People so far down, need encouragement and advice. Soon we helped the lady onto a chair. Then to stand, with support. Presently, walking a step or two with one hand on the table and the other on the back of a chair.

Very busy at the time, I left them with instructions to gradually increase her exercise. Some months later my bell rang one evening, and there stood Mr and Mrs Turner.

"Good heavens," I gasped to her, "how did you get here?"

"I walked," she replied with a grin.

When I had got over my surprise I jokingly asked, "When are you going to walk to Castlecliff and back?"

"I have just done it," she answered.

I get tears in my eyes when I recall it, even now.

That Christmas, Mrs Turner went to stay with a married daughter who lived about a mile from the sea. Every morning before breakfast she took the kids to the beach for a dip. Then again after breakfast, and again in the afternoon. Miles a day there and back, and more miles in the sea and on the sand.

When Mrs Turner came home, there were more tears in our eyes. With her snappy figure and sparkling eyes, down five stone in weight, and with a zest for living she had never dreamed of, anyone could have been excused for mistaking her for a teenage girl.

Ann was a widow. Her husband, a fighter pilot in the last world war had been shot down over the English Channel and lost. Ann came to New Zealand, because she thought prospects would be better for her and her two small daughters aged five and six. But she had not been in New Zealand long, in a most uncongenial job, before her health began to fail. Eventually double cystic kidneys were diagnosed. Now she was in a fix. Not only was there no hope for her, but what would happen to her two little girls?

Ann weighed over fourteen stone when someone sent her to me. Altogether she was in a bad way. Her kidneys reached down to her navel and were covered with knobs, easily felt, even through the thick overlay of fat.

Ann's most pressing need was for a glimmer of hope, then confidence a much more meaningful word than faith.

It was not hard to feel compassionate towards a poor girl in such a plight, but there was something besides compassion to inspire faith. She was given a strict Nature Cure diet, and deprived of tobacco and tea.

Every interview involved a journey for her of 100 miles each way. But it was as thrilling to me, as to her, to note her steady improvement. Not only was pound after pound of disfiguring 'upholstery' melting away, but she knew she was getting well.

The last time I saw Ann she weighed just under ten stone, had a smashing figure, with masses of burnished gold for hair, and not a kidney to be felt. I had assured her too that God does not heal sick bodies and leave minds or circumstances in Queer Street. And so it proved, because a well-to-do young farmer became interested, fell in love, and presently married our regenerated and rejuvenated Ann.

Nine years later the two girls, now 15 and 16 years old, called in. I have never seen two more beautiful youngsters. Dressed in the pleated skirts and knitted pullover's of the day, they were bubbling over with the excitement of living, full of stories of the farm and of the wonderful father they had. And when they left, first one and then the other, just as their mother had nine years before, put their arms around my neck, looked me straight in the eye and gave me a kiss that surely came straight from heaven.

Remarkable that so many such wonderful recoveries took place? Yet for all the effect on public thinking they might as well not have occurred?

But look back 1900 years. How was that possible? There were only a couple of million people in Palestine and He healed them by the thousand. Three and a half years later, a brief moment of triumph as He entered Jerusalem, then the frenzied mob screamed for His murder. How could it happen? Final defeat of "*the man born to be king?*"

Remember General McArthur's inspired promise? In 1941 when he was driven from Corregidor by the Japanese avalanche he said, "I shall return." Just what Our Lord said. And what a return McArthur accomplished.

But what when the Lord returns? Almost any day? Until 1939 this gospel of healing and health was sweeping New Zealand. The biggest halls were packed to the doors. Sometimes hundreds were turned away. Then the war came. Almost at once interest fell off by half. It has been going down ever since. But the day of His return is close at hand, accompanied by a thousand legions of angels and armed with "*all power in heaven and earth.*"

(Another event about 1939 was the invention of the first antibiotic. When I visited Dr Williams in 1942 he said that as a result, the bottom fell out of his work. He said, "*Who would change his way of life if he thought that his illness could be cured by taking a pill?*" Brenda Sampson.)

The earliest example to my knowledge, of 'orthodox medical reaction' was long ago when an Austrian physician named Semmelweiss lowered the death rate in a Vienna hospital from a fantastic figure, to under 2%. He did this by insisting on simple cleanliness. Germs had not been heard of then. As a reward for his novel methods he was sacked, persecuted, and finally driven out of his mind.

The next concerned Sir Angus Forbes. I have forgotten his real name. He was a leading surgeon at Glasgow Royal Infirmary and one of the original seven of the British Empire Cancer Campaign (BECC). Becoming dissatisfied with contemporary methods of treating cancer, he cast about for improvements. Becoming seized with the significance of diet, he experimented with what we now know as Nature Cure.

He had twelve cases of proven cancer, all of which had been subjected to conventional treatment, and all finally given up as hopeless. When they were demonstrably and incontestably restored to full health, he laid his findings and facts before the BECC. Result – he was sacked from the BECC and died two years later from a broken heart. I have read his book.

(His real name was Sir William Arbothnot Lane. He was the King's Physician in the early 20th century. His book was called "New Health for Everyman." Brenda Sampson.)

Very early in my experience, and with as yet very limited knowledge of them, I began to publicly advocate similar ideas. Promptly a meeting was called of the local division of the BMA (British Medical Association) fully attended for the first time. Twenty-two doctors were present and each in turn had something derogatory to say about me personally. No mention of the offending ideas. When my objectionable conduct still continued, on urgent instructions from headquarters in Wellington, another meeting was summoned with imperative instructions to contain me.

When these too failed, I was summoned to Wellington to appear before the New Zealand Council of the BMA. At the meeting I reminded my aggressors that little David when confronted by the Philistine giant, laid him low with one smooth pebble from the brook of truth, and cut off the giant's head with his own sword. This did not prevent my being shot out of the BMA.

Soon after this I was rung by two Wellington businessmen, independently, warning me that I was to be 'framed' by the BMA.

A good way of discrediting inconvenient teachings is to discredit the teacher. Presently a charge was preferred against me of 'infamous conduct in a professional respect'. A patient I had been attending a while before had died.

I had to appear before a court of medical men in Wellington, all members of the BMA – judge, prosecuting council, jury, and executioner, and all bitterly hostile.

Inevitably I was convicted and sentenced to be struck off the rolls. This would prevent my practising as a medical man. The only fly in their ointment was that before their sentence became law, it had to have the signature of the Attorney General, who at this time was Mr Mason. The

Labour Party was in power. Members of the cabinet knew me. I had been invited to give evidence before both their Parliamentary Committees appointed to cast the pending Social Security legislation. Cabinet Ministers were readily accessible, sympathetic and friendly. So in spite of extreme pressure by my opponents, the required signature was not forthcoming.

The day my wife and I set off for the 'trial' in Wellington, I called at the Post Office for my mail. The only item was a cardboard cylinder from America. In it was a parchment scroll, set out in old style lettering and embellished in gold, conferring on me 'in honour of my services to drugless healing' honorary membership of the American Naturopathic Association.

Half an hour later, on the way, I turned on the car radio and this is the first thing that came through, "*The Lord loves the man who is prepared to suffer for him and not count the cost.*"

One of our early successes concerned a railway employee. He was going home to die after six months in hospital. He had once weighed sixteen stone but was now down to nine. Stooped nearly double, with a huge cancerous growth in the middle of his back he was a picture of misery. You could have put a fist in the gaping hole in the growth, which was running with pus. He had been given three months to live.

I could only assure him and his unhappy little wife who had brought him to me, that if you give Nature a chance and the materials she needs, she can sometimes work miracles. I wrote out a strict Nature Cure diet, with seaweed tablets and vitamin capsules.

For dressings, layers of plain surgical gauze, squeezed out of cold tap water and covered with a thin piece of cotton wool, to be changed when soiled or getting dry. And a daily large enema.

A month later he returned. As soon as I saw him I exclaimed, "Why, you look a different man."

He grinned and said, "Thank you. I am a different man."

When I looked at the ugly growth it was half healed, and there was almost no discharge.

Two months later he came again. The growth had disappeared and healing was complete. So I gave him a certificate of fitness to return to work. This was laughed at by his employers. They said, "Get a certificate from the Cancer Clinic and you can begin." This he did. Four months after they had sent him home with three months to live, the same Cancer Clinic gave him a certificate saying "Fit to return to work." That was shortly before my 'trial'. Eventually this patient died at the age of 84.

Not long after that case, a council employee wrote to me with an urgent appeal. His face had been burnt with boiling tar and refused to heal. He had nineteen treatments, including excision, skin grafts and radiation. Finally he had been sent home. He wrote to me not for treatment, for he knew none was possible, but to seek relief from pain. The large burn ulcer was eating away his face. Although he had three kinds of drugs, he got no relief day or night, and he might linger on for months.

I sent him the same instructions and diet that had been so successful in the former patient's case. At the same time I wrote to an ex-hospital matron whom I knew was sympathetic, asking her to supervise. In two days all pain had ceased. In a week, signs of healing appeared. In a few months, healing was complete. Such a stir did his recovery make that the editor of a city newspaper sent a reporter to investigate.

As a result the editor organised a committee and bought a large house in the town (setting up my ex-matron in charge) for the treatment of hopeless cancer cases along these lines.

Her first patient was an elderly man dying of cancer of the prostate. He was suffering severely. So the first evening the nurse rang a doctor for help. Rather abruptly he said he could not come. She tried another doctor. He could not come either. She tried one more. Same result.

Next morning a representative of the BMA called and informed her that in no circumstances would any of their members attend any of her patients.

Furthermore, should any of her patients die, she would face a charge of manslaughter. I am sorry to say that nurse got such a terrible shock that she left the home and fled the country.

In 1938 my wife and I crossed to Australia to help the Nature Cure people defend themselves from an all out attack by the BMA. To begin with we gave three lectures in the Lady Margaret Hall. At the first there were 1400 present. At the second 1800. At the third the hall was full, 2300 attended and numbers were turned away. Our hosts decided to risk a final venture in the Sydney Town Hall. The only available date was a Friday, Sydney's bad day. And there was no time for advertising. There was not a vacant seat.

Just then I heard that the Australian Speaker of the House of Representatives had had a brush with the BMA. So I rang him up. Graciously he invited me to call next morning at his office. Tall and distinguished looking he reminded me of pictures of Gladstone. Claiming, he said, to be something of an idealist, he had always felt an urge to do something to promote the people's health. That was why when the Stevens party came to power, Mr Weaver was assigned the portfolio of health. He had hardly taken office he told me, when he saw abuses of a number and magnitude that appalled him. He began by instituting one or two very minor reforms. Whereupon he received a call from Sir Joseph Lyons, president of the Australian BMA.

"What is all this?" enquired Sir Joseph.

Mr Weaver replied, "You should know Sir Joseph."

"Perhaps I do," said Sir Joseph, "but I have just come to warn you – either you will behave or you will be disciplined."

Under the misapprehension that a Minister of the Crown had some sort of authority, and incensed at the noble knight's attitude, he ordered Sir Joseph from the office.

"Oh well," observed Sir Joseph, "if that is your decision, it is OK by me." Next day there was a meeting of the cabinet to which Mr Weaver was not invited. The following day Mr Weaver found himself without a portfolio.

Stunned, I could hardly believe my ears. "Can I repeat that story in New Zealand?" I asked,

"You can do as you like," said Mr Weaver, "I have already published it in Smith's Weekly" (the popular Australian journal).

Years after this I was on a week's campaign in Auckland when the Rotary Club's representative rang to ask whether I would be prepared to give a talk to their members at the following Monday lunch. I jumped at the chance. But on the Monday morning, another ring, a brief one, "Sorry, the talk is off. Doctors you know."

Recently I asked a friend who arranges the local Rotary talks if I could speak to them. "Not the remotest chance," he told me.

I said, "I know, don't tell me, two doctor members?"

"Worse." he chuckled, "three."

"Oh well, so much for 'Service before Self.'"

True minds open to truth attract it. Minds not open, snap shut at its remotest approach, like giant clams.

Organised opposition to truth

In 1936 I think it was, I met Mr C.G. Scrimgeour (Uncle Scrim to most New Zealanders) Director of Commercial Broadcasting. Scrim was an ardent health and monetary reformer. So was I. Still am.

By his arrangement I was allowed on the four ZB commercial stations Sunday evening link up to broadcast to the people of New Zealand the amazing success of Nature Cure. Scrim estimated the session's audience at a quarter of a million listeners.

Although my experience of Nature Cure at that time was still limited, the talk made quite a stir. For example, the Hon. Peter Fraser, then Minister of Health in the Labour Government, who had been listening rang and requested an interview.

Like all the Labour Ministers at that time, Mr Fraser was kindly sympathetic and accessible. At his office in Parliament House he cross examined me for more than two hours, making frequent notes. Finally Mr Fraser summed up saying, "I'm satisfied that what you are trying to tell us is true, but in my position I have no alternative to doing as my Department experts direct."

A few months later a second Sunday evening broadcast was arranged and advertised. "What about a script?" I asked Uncle Scrim.

He replied, "Don't be silly, I know I can rely on your discretion."

But on Thursday, less than three days before the broadcast, there came a telegram from the Director of Broadcasting: "Please submit your script."

I did. But on Saturday evening there was another wire: "Script unsuitable. Broadcast cancelled."

And throughout the hour-long program on Sunday evening (called 'Man in the Street') they played records. No mention of my broadcast or why it was off.

When Scrim returned from America he showed me his latest directive. "To the Director of Commercial Broadcasting. Under no circumstances whatsoever is Ulric Williams to speak on the air." Signed F. Jones, Minister of Broadcasting.

All of this was not the only, or by any means the worst of the organised opposition encountered during the next thirty years. Because of it, tens of thousands in New Zealand have suffered damnably and died pitiful deaths. They need not, and should not. Tens of thousands are suffering now, and hundreds of thousands more are doomed to the same fate.

It looks bad, but may not be as bad as it looks, because not until people have been plundered and massacred enough will they consent to think. And they are being comprehensively plundered and massacred today. Not by the medical system only. While hospitals are colossal, ever expanding glass and chromium disease factories, banks are debt factories, and churches sin factories. The only church I know of that makes a serious attempt to teach and insist on healthy as well as happy living is the Mormon Church.

The explanation is that, in his life-long climb from an animal-like consciousness towards the spiritual, a natural man is controlled, not as he supposes, by intelligence, but by his primary urges, and by the impressions or suggestions that get or are put into his unconscious mind during his lifetime. Natural man does not think, he acts and reacts automatically and instinctively in terms of conditioning, to the impulses that arise in himself or his environment. He is impervious to reason and inaccessible to intelligence.

Intelligence is a faculty of spirit, not to be found in the natural man. Only to the degree that we become influenced, enlightened, and controlled by the spiritual are we any better than beasts. Even after the spiritual has become the dominant factor in our makeup, under pressure there is

often an overwhelming tendency to revert to the animal. Natural man is compounded of tiger, pig, sheep, gorilla, mule, snake and worm, with a dash of fox terrier thrown in. Making people religious does not necessarily make them spiritual. Too often the reverse. It is said that in the middle ages something like fifty million were burnt or tortured to death in the name of Jesus Christ.

Our world is at the critical point in its history. The power that animates the universe, of which everyone and everything is constructed, and by which everyone is actuated, is intensifying and accelerating at an unprecedented momentum. But like electricity it has two opposite potentials, negative and positive, evil and good. According to our relationship with the power, men tend to become fiends incarnate, or filled with the fullness of Christ. This is the reason for today's erupting savagery.

It is futile to blame the collapse of our materialistic systems on medical men, bankers or clergy. They act as taught. This world is in a state of frenzied upheaval and flux, and is exploding more hopelessly out of control. But before humanity finally exterminates itself and burns the earth to a cinder, there is coming a divine intervention. Then will emerge a new order where disease, disaster, brutality and violence progressively give place to dependable health, prosperity, security, and deliverance from evil.

Blinded by science

The modern medical system, to the extent of perhaps 80%, is nothing but a gigantic, cruel, ludicrous, lucrative, transparent fraud. Doctors do not know what disease is, nor how it is brought about. They know little of the natural, and nothing at all of the spiritual provisions, either for maintaining or regaining good health.

Disease is mostly a more or less gradual degenerative process. It is caused, first of all by failure to fulfil the requirements of well being. Second, by conventional attempts at prevention and cure.

Healing is mostly a more or less gradual regenerative process. A reward for fulfilling the requirements.

Of these processes, acute illnesses (short and severe with rapid onset) are commonly a vital part of Nature's (God's that is) devices for averting or healing disease.

Doctors, completely unaware of their significance or purpose, are taught that acute illnesses are acute diseases, which they must prevent or cure. With this object they employ a battery of destructive agents, notoriously more dangerous than the ills they are supposed to cure. Poisonous drugs, vaccines, radiation, and mutilating surgery are their weapons.

Perhaps the worst crime of modern medical, so-called science is the increasingly effective suppression of acute illnesses.

Usually, successful suppression has one of four consequences.

The sufferer is killed.

A foundation is laid for chronic and often incurable disease.

Nature (if she can) will after periodic intervals, stage more of these would-be spring cleanings or Healing Crises.

Nature may effect a cure in spite of treatment, in which case the doctor will claim and probably get, full credit for recovery.

Disease is a toxicity and deficiency condition, with poisons, either produced in the body or introduced from without, or both, and a deficiency of vitamins and minerals which are an indispensable part of the body's building, cleaning and repairing materials. The body is a self-healing machine, but before it can heal, it must clean itself.

Our bodies have seven built-in detoxicating mechanisms – lungs, liver, skin, kidneys, bowels, lymphatic system and oxygenation, with fever as an eighth emergency scheme.

When the body sets out to detoxicate itself, any or all of these mechanisms may be called into action, with symptoms to correspond. There is little danger. The patient will not die, unless he is so heavily poisoned by wrong living that death will supervene anyway.

Management, not treatment of acute illnesses is called for. It is typical of human befuddlement that homo sapiens is the only animal that hasn't enough sense to stop eating when he is sick.

Three illustrative examples follow:

Mrs Adkins wrote in despair from the South Island. A cancer had been removed from her colon but had recurred, and had been pronounced untreatable.

Three days later, I was to visit the city where she lived. My first appointment was at a church opposite her home. At the end of a short service, which she also attended, I called on the lady.

Investigation disclosed that her husband, who for a long time had been drinking to excess, had about the time the growth was discovered, been detected in unfaithfulness.

It was explained to Mrs Adkins that, if she would put and keep herself right, and take no

notice whatsoever of what any other person might do, say, or not do, even if she did not approve, she could expect a miracle.

Examining the growth one did not need to be a doctor to appreciate its hopelessness. But I reminded her, we had both just attended a church service, so why not seek divine help? With fingertips just touching her skin over the growth, I asked aloud for the gift of faith to accept at God's hand, what the hand of man could not do.

That was all. No diet. Nothing else. But later Mrs Adkins wrote of the miraculous change in her husband, as well as of steady improvement in her own condition. Fifteen years later she was still working as a valued helper with a well known psychiatrist.

Hazel Rountree had also undergone removal of a growth from the bowel, but it had recurred. When I was asked to see her the end was near.

But a Nature Cure diet, enemas, and encouragement brought about a dramatic improvement. So much so that people were coming from far and wide to see the 'miracle woman'.

Then the Healing Crisis began – fever, pain, swelling, and constipation. It looked as if an abscess was developing. This is one of Nature's favourite ways of effectively spring cleaning.

I was visiting the patient twice a day (without charge). On Sunday morning I was met at the door by the daughter. Her attitude seemed strange. Then the secret came out, "Mum's not here, she's in Auckland Hospital."

Two weeks later she was dead. That often happens when a Healing Crisis is reacted to with panic and suppressive mis-management.

Ursula had untreatable cancer of the bladder. It had begun as occasional blood in the urine. This came from wart-like growths which at intervals were burnt off through a cystoscope. But the growths had become malignant. At last Ursula was told that no further treatment was possible. Then she came to us.

After three weeks on a Nature Cure diet she went home. She was warned that sooner or later Nature might stage a Healing Crisis, a sudden worsening of all her symptoms with fever, urgency, pain, and possibly vomiting and diarrhoea.

Ursula was given strict instructions that if this happened she was to leave food alone, take nothing but citrus juices and water, and to rest and have a large enema every day.

Some months later, this massive 'spring cleaning' developed. She was passing a lot of blood, with pain, uncontrollable urgency and frequency, fever, and solid lumps.

Remembering our instructions, Ursula did as we had said. For six weeks, alone and with no help or supervision, she stuck it out. The upheaval subsided and she was ready for food.

To recuperate, she went to stay with a married daughter. Then she called on the specialist who had passed her death sentence. He was staggered to see her so evidently happy and well. At his request she entered hospital for examination under anaesthetic.

Next day the bewildered gentleman told Ursula that whereas, some eighteen months ago she had untreatable cancer of the bladder, there was now nothing whatever wrong.

So there it is. Principles and methods are available and crying out for recognition, so simple and effective, that within months of their adoption, perhaps 80% of medicos would find themselves out of a job. That is what they are frightened of, so the entire propaganda machine is operated full blast to make and keep their victims ignorant, sick, terrified and exploitable.

The power that heals us is within ourselves

Rarely indeed, far more rarely than most suppose, does the healing power (God's power) within us need any help. All that the healing power requires in the great majority of cases, is a fair chance and the necessary materials.

There are probably 500,000 people in New Zealand today who have been told "nothing can be done for them," or who in the interim, until they are told that, are having things done to them that are expensive and useless, or worse.

Possibly 400,000 of these people could get well without trouble, pain, expense, danger, or much delay. All they would have to do would be to live obediently, and hand over unconditional control to the power within.

In most cases, the first sign of improvement would be noticed almost immediately. With occasional fluctuations (and in some cases periodic, apparent setbacks which are in the nature of a 'spring cleaning') improvements might be expected to continue almost indefinitely.

Happy, unquestioning trust in the ability of the power within to handle the situation is the key to success. Then, sensible living to stop causing disease.

'C's' symptoms had received the name Thrombocytopenic Purpura Anaemia. (His real trouble was domestic unhappiness.) So his symptoms too received a fancy name, while he took his place among the half million.

'A' was a sufferer from Rheumatoid Arthritis. At least, that was the name his symptoms were given. Funny how tickled people are if only someone will give their symptoms a name. They call it (the silly duffers) 'diagnosis'.

'A' was just about crippled. He was definitely one of the half million. Then he was converted and reading in his Bible of the sick regaining their health, he prayed to be healed. Nothing happened immediately. But his prayer, though uninstructed was sincere. He really wanted to be whole.

So the power within got to work. One morning at breakfast it occurred to 'A' that cups of sweet, strong coffee with milk couldn't be good. So he cut them out. Almost immediately he noticed an improvement in his joints. So he pondered some more. "If sweet coffee is bad, perhaps all this other rich food is too." So away that went. A further improvement was quickly observed.

All eagerness now, he got into physical training. But after a time improvement came to a standstill. He was puzzled as to why.

Sitting by himself one evening wondering about it, he suddenly sat up with a jerk as he heard a whisper within him say, "Your attitude to your wife."

Yes, 'A' knew well enough his attitude toward his wife was all wrong. But he did not know that a wrong mental attitude would cause these joints to swell and get stiff. Neither do lots of other people.

But 'A' was sincere. So he did as he was told. He put his 'house in order' and made up with his wife.

Today 'A' is as free from Rheumatoid as I am. I saw him at his worst and I know him today. I was one of the three doctors who told him about 12 years ago, that "nothing could be done for him."

But that was before I began to wake up.

Uncommon sense

If you have tried every conceivable kind of advertised rubbish. If you have tried operations, probably several times. If you have tried dope by the gallon and box. And if like everyone else who has done the same you are now worse in the end . . .

Try uncommon sense for a change.

Hardly anyone would be ill if they hadn't made themselves ill (or been made ill by parents or guardians).

The Life Force within is the ONLY power that can make us or keep us well. It is always striving to restore us to health and keep us well. It will almost always succeed if we give it a chance.

All we need to do is withdraw the barriers, psychological and physical, which consciously or unconsciously we hold in the way.

What are these barriers? The chief physical barriers are:

1. Overeating, especially of the wrong kinds of food.
2. Undereating of the right kinds.
3. Insufficient outdoor exercise.
4. Indulging in poisons like tobacco and alcohol.

All these physical barriers can be overcome by sticking to a diet of three parts vegetable and fruit, nearly all raw, to one part of starchy, sugary and fatty foods.

You don't like the sound of it? Well what of it? You can learn. After all, you've learned to abuse food. The whole thing is mental anyway. Our physical body was designed to run on exactly such fuel. If you want body and mind to do their best, then give them the fuel the inventor designed, in the quantities planned.

Do ten minutes planned exercises every morning on rising, followed by a cold dip or shower and brisk rub down. Bicycle or walk every day, regularly at weekends.

Now for the psychological barriers. These comprise the emotions and impulses arising from the human, animal aspect of ourselves. Emotions such as fear, resentment, worry, self-pity, jealousy, pride, avarice (greed for material wealth), gluttony, lust, together with any negative thoughts, beliefs, suggestions, impressions or ideas that the subconscious mind may be acting upon.

Of all the causes of disease, and of all the reasons for not getting well, the psychological barriers are far and away the worst.

Disease in nearly every case, is merely the effect upon our bodies or minds of psychological or physical barriers to health. The diseases will go when we ourselves take the barriers down.

By the way, the theological name of that healing life force within is "The Spirit of God."

Leading attributes of the life force are:

1. Infinite power – it made and swings the planets and suns.
2. Unlimited intelligence – it devised and controls all knowledge, understanding, natural phenomena, the intricacies of body chemistry, growth, healing and repairs.
3. Unspeakable love – we saw that in Christ.

So quit trying to get rid of your disabilities. They'll be taken away when you let their cause go. The Life Force within heals, sustains, provides, protects, and plans – if we give it complete control. So back the Life Force!

Recovery through faith

What is faith? One thing it certainly is not, is subscribing to some abstruse theological formula, which neither the purveyor nor his victims understand or can apply.

Perhaps the shortest definition of faith is 'expectation'. According to our faith (expectation) it is likely to be unto us.

Made in the image and likeness of God, man is creative. Mind is our creative mechanism. Thought is its instrument. The unconscious part of our mind is the executive. The thoughts, beliefs, impressions, suggestions, and ideas that get, or are put into our unconscious minds, tend powerfully to materialise. "*I feared a fear*" Job confessed, "*and it came upon me.*"

Well do the arch-exploiters, (medical, financial, and ecclesiastic) understand this. Fear is faith in evil. "*I believe in God the Father almighty*" church people mechanically repeat, then demonstrate by their actions that, in fact their one fundamental abiding conviction is in the reality and power of evil – "*children of their father the devil?*" Easy to say, 'I believe' (something or other) but it takes guts to live by faith. Gethsemane! Golgotha!

Faith in God is confidence in good. Faith that works is living 'as if' (not withstanding all appearances to the contrary) everything is already and eternally all right. Actually living that way now. How else can faith be proved?

God is spirit, not matter. We and our Father are one. "*For what is God but Life?*" Psalm 18, verse 31 (Ferrar Fenton translation).

To regain lost health by faith, we must first stop making ourselves sick. The cause of most ill health is wrong feeding, and wrong habits of body and mind.

Disease is mostly a more or less gradual degenerative process, a consequence of failure to comply with the requirements of well-being.

Recovery is mostly a more or less gradual regenerative process, a reward for recognising and conforming to those requirements.

Of these processes, acute illnesses (short and severe with rapid onset) are a vital part of nature's (God's) provision for averting or healing disease. Most acute illnesses are 'spring cleaning'. Suppressing them by surgery or poisonous drugs too often is merely laying a foundation for recurring, or chronic, and sooner or later fatal disease.

In sufficiently responsive people, and with the help of those who are receptive and dedicated enough, the recovery process may sometimes be speeded up to a point where it becomes instantaneous.

Why all this disease? All that most people need to get well, and to stay well, is to refrain from what makes them sick.

To get fit, and stay fit we must TRAIN? (Horrible thought! So much easier to swallow shopfulls of poison pills!). One lady is presently eating eighteen pills a day, and expects to continue doing so for the rest of her life. It may not be long.

Why all this suffering? Because, when we've suffered (and spent) enough, the barriers to common sense are undermined, and eventually, if we live long enough, broken down.

Why do the sick want to get well? To be free to go on doing, (or thinking) what has been making them sick?

Why do people remain sick? To focus attention on themselves? To feel important? To dominate? For an easy life? For revenge? Or because the whole economy is organised to make and keep people ignorant, sick, terrified, and exploitable? Rush to doctors for health. To

churches for heaven.

No, to become good, we must be good. To become well, we must start now to be well.

Janet Mason was dying of cancer. Her fifth operation showed it had gone wild and there was no hope. It was then that she read an article I'd written in the New Zealand Mirror called 'Master or Slave?' (to the unconscious mind).

Said Janet to herself, "If what this article says is true, you don't have to die. There is a power that can heal, and there's nothing it can't heal." Lying there and thinking it over, Janet at last reached a decision, "Very good, I'm on my way."

That was the turning point. Gradually strength returned. I didn't meet her until a year after her recovery was complete. Such a stir it made in Hamilton where she lived that a community was formed, a large house with eight acres of ground bought, and the Masons set it up to help other seemingly hopeless sufferers.

Mrs Mason administered that Home for twelve years, and for long after, until increasing age compelled her retirement. Her faith had made her whole.

Rogers in Westport was dying of cancer too. He had a growth the size of baby's head in the bowel. You could see it from across the room. Secondaries were everywhere. "One month to live," he had just been told after his fifth operation. His stomach was scarred like a five barred gate, and he wore a leather covered plate to keep his insides from falling out. I could only tell him, "Give nature a chance, and the materials she needs, and she can sometimes work miracles."

He was supplied with a simple diet, mainly vegetables and fruit, mostly raw, and a little wholemeal bread, cheese and nuts. Away he went and I heard no more of him.

Exactly a year later, he called again. The growth had gone down by perhaps two-thirds. He had put on weight and looked and felt a different man.

"Well," he grinned, "what's so surprising? I knew if I got to Wanganui I'd be OK."

Isn't that faith? Every year for seven years he called in again. "No need to," he said, "I just felt like coming. And I have a free railway pass. I haven't missed a day at work since my second visit to you." He lived fifteen years. Then, I was told later, he relapsed into his former careless habits and paid the penalty.

Benoni White wrote from his hospital bed, "I'm 90 years old. I've got cancer. They are going to operate. I can't stand it! I know it will kill me! Please save me!"

It didn't sound promising, but such an appeal couldn't be ignored. So with the Ward Sister's permission I saw the old man. A massive growth where the small intestine joins the large. I saw his X-ray films. Cancer all right. Astonishing that anything could get through.

Benoni was a tiny scrap of a man, an artist, highly sensitive and a lithograph expert. He lived alone in a rented room. Poor food. No fire. In winter he sat huddled on his bed with a blanket round him trying to keep warm.

To make the story short, I took him into one of our Homes. Put him in a room with a bright outlook and a fire that was kept going day and night. He was given milk and oranges, and an enema every day. This he loathed. So seeing he was ninety and sure to die anyway, we gave him a restricted diet on Nature Cure lines. But he longed for what the other patients had. So – oh well, poor boy.

I examined him from time to time, and after a few days I wondered whether the hard mass was a little smaller. In three weeks there was no doubt. In three months it had gone.

"You're never going back to those digs," I assured him. "God doesn't heal sick people and forget about their comfort. Something will turn up."

Soon after that, a farmer and his wife who had lost touch with Benoni for years got on his

track again. They said they had a spare room with a fireplace, cords of firewood they needed help to burn, a sunny verandah, all the food he could eat – would he PLEASE come and live with them? Whose faith saved Benoni? Certainly not mine.

The prayer of faith

It is generally accepted now by physicists, that matter divided into the smallest possible particles can be still further broken down into molecules. For a long time molecules were supposed to be the ultimate pieces of matter.

Then a method was devised of resolving the molecules into still more minute components called atoms. Finally Sir Ernest Rutherford succeeded in splitting the atom, demonstrating that these atoms consist of nothing but positive and negative charges of electricity, revolving round a neutral centre as separately as stars in the sky. Therefore all matter, whatever its form, is composed of nothing but electrical energy, which is only another name for spiritual energy or spirit. And God is Spirit.

The link between spirit and its material appearance is mind and thought. God, a creative Spirit, thinks his thoughts into manifestation. So in a degree do we.

Most people think we are human beings, with minds and souls. That we are here (where's here?). A few decades ago Sir James Jeans, a famous British physicist wrote, "We scientists know now there is nothing but mind." He might, more accurately have put it, "there is nothing but God."

We are our present degree of apprehension and expression of eternal, unchanging, divine Spirit.

We are wireless stations, continually (albeit mostly unaware of the fact) sending and receiving messages and impressions of all sorts. Jehovah asked Job, "*Can'st thou send lightnings, that they may go and say to thee, here we are?*" Indeed we can. Everyone does. And we receive them, day and night, evil and good. We can tune into either, or switch as we all do, from one to the other. In the end, individuals, communities, nations, the world, become the sum of all our thoughts.

For example, in a city or nation evenly balanced between evil and good, a single individual changing from a negative to a positive centre, might turn the scale.

If there had been ten (possibly five, perhaps even two?) just men in Sodom and Gomorrah, the cities would not have been destroyed. (Genesis 18:20-32) Not doing heroic deeds. Just being there. Sobering thought!

One day on my rounds in my car, I suddenly thought, "Mrs James." The James had been patients from time to time, but not for a long while. I took no notice. Then I got her name again, more urgently. Wondering whether it might possibly be a call I drove out of my way and rang the door bell.

Almost at once the door was snatched open by a frantic Mrs James, "Oh doctor, thank God you've come," she sobbed, "It's Pat, she's desperately ill, I couldn't leave her to get help. I didn't know what to do."

"I know," I said, "I got your message."

Examining the small Pat, there wasn't anything dangerously wrong. But to an anxious mother, bred, born and brought up in fear, and knowing less than nothing about anything, a convulsion can be a devastating experience. Seldom very dangerous really. With Pat now relaxed, Mrs James wanted to know, "How did you get my message?"

"ESP," I smiled.

Though still mystified, Mrs James was reassured. All she needed was a little knowledge such as all young marrieds should have been taught at school.

Early one evening I received a phone call from Auckland. "That you Doctor? Gray here, John

Gray. You don't know me but I've heard about you. It's my boy. He's two. He's just been sent home from hospital. He's dying of leukaemia. They say they can do no more, and as he only has a short time to live I may as well have him home."

"Oh help," I thought, groping round in my mind for something to say. Total stranger. Long distance phone. Barely audible.

Then I had an idea. 'Mum' Dowsett lived in Auckland. She had a Home of Healing, 'Elim' in Remuera. She was a woman who used prayer, often to great effect. I advised Mr Gray to call and see her. He did so, promptly.

But for some reason 'Mum' didn't like the case and turned him down. After all, people using unorthodox methods have to be mighty careful what they take on. Should even their most impossible case fail to make the grade, it's 'look out.'

9.30am the next morning there is a ring at my door. John Gray. His heavy lorry (he was a carrier) being unsuited for a long drive, he had borrowed a car and driven all night. Powerfully built, nice open face. He said, "I'm not going to just let the kid die. I want your help."

Then I remembered, "*Only speak the word and my servant shall be healed.*" That was what the centurion said to Jesus. Observed our Lord, "*I have not seen such faith, no not in Israel.*" So He spoke the word.

That's the sort of faith John Gray had. So I spoke the word, "Your son will recover, and when he is well you will look back and recall that the turning point came at ten this morning."

But the more batteries in circuit the greater the power. So I asked John to go back to 'Mum' Dowsett. I would ring her meanwhile.

Knowing now where she stood, 'Mum' was ready when he called and went with him to his home in Brown's Bay. Poor little boy. Pale as a ghost. Masses of swollen glands. Unable to eat or drink and fighting for breath. Mum wasted no time. Full of compassion and faith, she laid her hands on him and silently prayed.

Next morning the glandular swellings had gone. He was even able to take a little nourishment. He never looked back.

Months later, John took him to the hospital to show them. Five doctors saw him. Three were cynical and talked of remissions and inevitable recurrence. Two were sympathetic and acknowledged, "There's something here we don't understand."

When Mr Gray had visited me, and before he took off for home, I had wondered what could have caused the leukaemia and asked how long his son had been ill.

"Never been ill," he told me, "went down suddenly."

"Must have been poisoned," I concluded.

"No," John maintained, "there hadn't been anything unusual." Then he recalled, "The doctor did give him some stuff when he had worms. That was just before he got sick."

"What was the name of the stuff?" I enquired.

"Don't remember the name. Something like Sunt or Sant."

"Not Santonin! To a child with worms!" Indeed they did, and when some child dies, or goes blind, or paralysed, they never connect cause with effect. Parents are told, "The patient must have picked up a germ."

Santonin is a known blood poison. But so are many of the medicines prescribed today. Thalidomide for example, sleeping pills, APC's, phenobarbs, all prescribed and consumed by the shipload. Yet taken for as short a period as two weeks, these may cause a fatal anaemia, or drive people mad.

Every year millions of dollars for poisonous chemicals, 6000 listed in the Health Department's recent catalogue of free or partly free drugs. Thousands more not free. Hundreds of new ones every year.

Those who prescribe them know nothing of their composition, and little of possibly deadly effects, immediate or remote. Desperate in their helplessness, doctors prescribe them on the say-so of travelling agents, even more ignorant than themselves but dressed to look the part, and coached in a line of glib sales talk.

The public has become a race of brain-washed drug addicts, with doctors acting as unpaid salesmen for gigantic drug combines. Their victims pay the salesmen. And neither salesmen nor victims will listen.

None so blind or deaf

It does seem a pity. All over the world people are being born (or are going) blind or deaf. All have been treated by specialists. Yet for several decades methods have been available and are screaming out for recognition that could have prevented and even cured most of these terrible tragedies.

So too could most other health disorders, no two of which are ever the same, of the gradual degenerative process that is the real disease.

Unfortunately medical authority deliberately shuts its eyes and stops its ears. This wouldn't matter a scrap, if their victims weren't blinded and deafened at the same time.

Harry Benjamin, author of the book "Better Sight Without Glasses" was the first example I encountered of recovery from blindness, after specialists had finally pronounced his case hopeless.

Another was our Norah Brown. She was 38 when she came to one of our Homes. She was steadily going blind. 'Optic Atrophy' the specialists said and that was that.

But besides losing her sight, Norah was waiting to enter hospital for her fifth gallstone operation. After each of the previous four she had been assured, "You are OK now, you can go and eat what you like." Experts still don't seem to realise that gall 'stones' are made from food. They aren't stones at all. Most are very easily broken concretions of cholesterol that got there dissolved or suspended in bile. When they are not passed, they can often be got rid of by radically changing the diet.

Besides these tribulations, Norah's blood pressure was over the top of the scale, and her greying hair was coming out in handfuls, leaving patches as bald as an egg. Alopecia was the label for that.

It was a custom in that Home at the time for the eight patients to read aloud from some book, passing it from hand to hand. That was when Norah got her first profound shock. Previously unable to read at all, even with glasses, when her turn came she suddenly without realising what she was doing, found herself reading her stint – no glasses at all.

As we have repeatedly tried to point out, it is not usually what is wrong that matters, (and still less what label authority decides to apply) so much as WHY is anything wrong? To answer that question we must look to the emotions, the mind, or to the manner of life. In one or the other, or all three, most times the answer will be found.

Emotion is often the cause, the form it takes bodily being determined by some vivid impression, registered maybe years before, in adolescence, in infancy, even in the womb. Self-pity, fear, hate, bitterness, or just continual misery can be killers.

In Norah's case, all her life she had been massively unhappy. Inevitably, since there was no one to teach her how to avoid or cope with the many stresses most people meet with, self-pity and misery had been her reactions. But why blindness? Because she had lived near the Blind Institute, and when she was 10 she used to take a blind old man out for walks. The long forgotten formative impression. 'Unconscious imps' I have termed them.

To make matters worse, she had been brought up on, and still lived on, the refined, adulterated, dead, disease and death dealing muck the experts still tell us is 'good nourishing food'.

The trouble with so many 'Norahs' (and 'Norms') is that their ideas of life are all to pot. Utterly unaware that LIFE is GOD, and that life therefore is good (not evil, or a mixture of good and evil).

People have for generations been saturated in doctrines of sin, devil, hell, suffering, punishment, and worst of all 'God'. If he gets his eye on you you've had it!

Norah's whole idea of life needed re-orientation. Reassuring compassion is easy with sufferers who are tangled in non-existent nets of their own contriving, especially when the captive is young, feminine, attractive, and responsive. Norah was all four.

So then came Norah's second profound shock – her first glimpse of LIFE as it really is – secure, gay, joyous, radiant, eternal, bright with endless vistas of opportunity, achievement and beauty.

Evil is only a temporary appearance, due to misapprehension or misapplication of good. It tends powerfully to disappear when we stop causing it.

The food at our Health Homes was on Nature Cure lines, predominantly vegetables and fruit (much of it raw), wholemeal bread, raw sugar, honey, meat once a week, vegetarian dishes the other six. No tea, coffee, tobacco or alcohol.

Also we employed Beryl to visit our Homes six mornings a week. She was an attractive young lady about Norah's age who was trained in Bernard McFadden's technique. Beryl taught deportment and physical education outdoors in the sun, lightly clad as might be.

On pain of being shot at dawn, no one in our Homes was allowed even to mention 'disease'. Many patients after only three weeks in one of our Homes remarked, surprised, "I've a completely new outlook on life." You had only to look at their faces (and figures) to see that.

Not long after Norah returned home, she had a third happy shock. She was on the harbour ferry when her regular doctor took the next seat. With her sight restored, blood pressure normal, face and hair glowing, liver troubles a thing of the past, and sparks flying out of her, she guessed she might not be recognised.

At last she said to him, "Don't you know me doctor?"

"No madam, I'm afraid I don't."

"You don't know Norah Brown?"

That's when the doctor got his profound shock. At first he couldn't believe her. Then he invited her to his rooms to explain the 'miracle'.

Do you see? Or have you been blinded too?

At our busiest we had four Homes, with accommodation for 30 patients, and a waiting list a yard long. To cope with correspondence there was a dictaphone and two shorthand typists each with her typewriter, managed by my wife also with her portable typewriter. We handled some 15,000 letters a year.

Now I have no homes, no patients, and I answer the occasional letter myself by longhand.

I received a letter years ago, with a newspaper clipping stuck on it. Written beside it was "I can see this now, and if you let me wear glasses I think I could read the paper." The letter was signed Dorothy Barnes.

"What's this?" I asked my wife.

"Oh that's Dorothy." she replied, "I've been dealing with her."

"Well you'd better carry on," I said.

To save me time, my wife used to sort out the cases she could deal with, leaving the rest for me.

Dorothy was in her mid 50's. For years she had been gradually going blind. Finally the specialists could do no more. They said to her, "We are terribly sorry, but darkness is your lot for the rest of your life." (Their actual words.)

Then Dorothy wrote to us. Two and a half years later, with my wife's unaided supervision

alone, solely by letter, using what I'd been able to teach her of what others had been able to teach me, Dorothy could read the whole newspaper without glasses.

Norman was ten when his father brought him to me. He was going deaf. He had been moved to the front of the class but no use. "Nerve deafness," the specialist said, "and there's nothing we can do. He will just get steadily worse."

But I knew something no specialist would even have thought of looking for. I knew Norm's father. He was a well known businessman. Irreproachable character. Valued member of the community. Stern and just, but a Baptist steeped in his church's teaching, and determined to bring Norm up in the way he should go. Norm had got sick of being 'picked on' by his father and quite unconsciously stopped listening to what he didn't want to hear.

Half an hour's simple explanation to them both did the trick. When I saw Norm fifteen years later his hearing was still a hundred percent. '*Lead, kindly light,*' driving may make your child a neurotic, an invalid, a vandal, even a criminal.

Which reminds me of Del. Her father was a Brethren. Big, coarse individual, stones overweight and tough. Did he put his ten kids through the hoops! When Del was eighteen she went to Wellington and got a job until she got what she wanted. She was 19 when she called. "I think I'm preggo", she said, "but I want to be sure."

She was entitled to know, so the brief examination over, "Yes," I told her, "about two and a half months I'd say."

She chuckled, "Goodee, now I can take the bloody little bastard home as a present to Pop."

'He that hath ears, let him hear.'

Dangerous knowledge?

A little knowledge, it has been said, is dangerous. But to whom, or what? Even a tiny bit of real knowledge can be a help sometimes. As for example when ex-private T. Atkins was brought to us.

To acquire such knowledge we may have to get down on our knees and offer our lives to Christ. The reason for that, is because as we come more under spiritual control and redirection, what until then we had supposed was knowledge, is discovered to the extent of probably 80 percent, to be not knowledge at all, but merely human misinterpretation of distorted sense impressions. This choking smog is known today, among other things, as medical science, sound finance, and true religion.

Tom was out of the army on a permanent, full military pension. Paralysed in his left arm and leg, he was violently epileptic as well, with many fits every day. But the nursing sister in charge of the Home, formerly a matron at a mental hospital, was not in the least impressed by fits. It becomes disconcerting to patients when their unconsciously contrived alibis are no longer 'alibis'.

And remember, it isn't usually what is wrong (still less what label is attached) that matters, as much as WHY anything is wrong?" To answer that question we need to look in the emotions, the mind, and the manner of life. In one or another, or all three the answer will generally be found.

In probing Tom's mind, we discovered a deep-rooted belief that he was a coward. When conscription turned him into a soldier he was terrified, not so much of the enemy, but of how he might react when facing the enemy.

He got as far as Egypt, and there his unconscious came to the rescue. Remember the unconscious can imitate or perpetuate any disease. Soon Tom began to have fits. Then, though he was only 26, a stroke. His unconscious prevented him from ever getting near the firing line.

Tom's father had been a hard, though not intentionally cruel man. He had resented Tom's arrival in the world and from his infancy up had continually taunted him with fickleness and futility.

"You'll never be any good," Tom was told. "You'll never be able to get a job, and if you did you'd never hold it."

Lord, how many parents do this to their kids? "Poor little Sue," people say, "She was born delicate. They never expected her to survive. She'll always be weak," and so on. Plant ideas like that in young minds and what do you expect – heroes?

Eighty years ago, Eugene Sandow as a youth was such a pitiful weakling that he was ashamed to be seen outdoors, until he thought up his famous spring dumbbells. In eight years he had made himself the mightiest man on earth. Given the urge and dedication, there's little man cannot achieve.

Science, hitherto enjoying unchallenged control, is now having its authority threatened. Millions of chronic invalids like Tom, too scared to live, resort to disease. It isn't life's fault. Life, being God, seems evil only because somewhere along the line, uncomfortable experiences or negative suggestions have given a wrong conception of Life. It is this conception that must be corrected.

It may take time. Materially centred beings do not hold their beliefs, they are held, bound and enslaved by their beliefs.

However, false ideas, or devils may be cast out by a patient, logical explanation, or sometimes by suddenly blasting them out. Most effectively in receptive persons, by

compassionate, high voltage superimposition of truer ideas.

Unconscious hypocrites say all the expected acceptable things, but still hide behind their accustomed defences. Tom did also. Despite seemingly genuine understanding and co-operation, his developing conscious mind not yet having achieved the necessary degree of authority, the fits and paralysis continued.

Tom was with us eight months. Only after about five months did we really begin to get through. By then authority accused us of holding Tom for profit. So for his last two months, neither the sisters nor I made any further charge on Social Security. We hadn't been charging Tom anyway. That was when the breakthrough came. His paralysed arm and leg were picking up, fits were fewer and milder, and then ceased altogether.

Just before he left us, Tom wrote to Military Headquarters surrendering his military pension. The surrender was not accepted. Only when he journeyed to Wellington for a two hour encounter with top brass was it agreed to.

Tom went home and took over the poultry farm. "What would I want a pension for?" he wrote months later, "The chooks are doing fine. I haven't had a fit, or any dope since leaving your Home, and I don't open gates any more, I just leap over them."

Yes, but the 'mass unconscious' is not so easily defeated. It is too ruthlessly controlled and misdirected, by prejudice and for profit and power.

Very little knowledge was needed when a letter came from a distracted Mum in Hawke's Bay. Their son Ted, 12 years old, had become surly and disobedient, savage tempered, and utterly unmanageable. He was vicious, had threatened to murder his three young sisters, and had twice been found with an open blade razor under his pillow.

He had twice been for long spells in the Hospital, and was soaked in drugs. This in an attempt to control his fits – sometimes twenty in a day. His father had been killed in the Napier earthquake, and after a year Mum had married again. Her husband was a kind steady man, and had done his best, but attempts at correction only made matters worse. They were at their wits end.

Obvious wasn't it? Plain jealousy. But an interview was essential. So a month later the three of them called – Dad, Mum and the 'Brute'. What a fine looking boy he was. Until after the three hated rivals (sisters) appeared, he had always held centre stage. Now he felt he was being pushed into the background. He wasn't going to stand for that. He felt that this called for more steps to regain the limelight. So stricter control and more unbearable frustration for Ted.

He had been getting his fair share of appreciation. But the undeveloped human being is not content with a fair share – he must be first. Finally the whole situation had got completely out of hand.

Briefly, the parents were counselled to meet the situation with love. Not to pour it all over the boy, just to have it in their hearts, he would soon know. Next, if he did anything to incur disapproval, they were to ignore it. But whenever he earned appreciation, they were to provide it.

Then I said to Ted, "You have only been trying to get the love and appreciation you are entitled to, but you went the wrong way about it. The only way to get love and appreciation is to give it. Never mind what we get, or don't seem to get in return. Get it Ted? You'll have no end of fun helping Mum and Dad, but nothing to the kick you'll get from looking after those three little brats."

The young devil, he not only got it, he was a jump ahead. He could hardly wait to get home and start the new game.

One interview and off they went. Months later a letter from Mum, "You will be pleased to

hear that Ted hasn't had a fit or any drug since we came to see you. He is helping in the house and doing chores outside, and he is marvellous with the little girls. In fact he is completely transformed. It seems like a miracle."

But then is not any healing a miracle, in a sense.

Mysophobia – fear of germs

It is over 30 years since I first wrote, “*Our modern medical system, to the extent of perhaps 80 percent, is nothing but a colossal, cruel, ludicrous, lucrative fraud. Only the money system, because it is even more inevitably enslaving and fatally destructive, and far more transparent, is worse.*”

The reason people don't see through these systems, is because they don't look. Prejudice, profit, power and propaganda prevent them. But when they've been plundered and massacred enough, they look. Some are looking already.

For example, the official anti-tuberculosis campaign, based on the false belief that the cause of TB is the tubercle bacillus, is being challenged. The bacillus, when present at all, is an accompaniment, usually an effect, and never the primary cause of TB. Healthy people do not suffer from and cannot be infected with TB (or cancer). The real causes of TB are dead food, stale air, and negative emotional states. Once developed, bugs may spread – in congenial soil.

Some years ago when a lay Tuberculosis Association was being started in Wanganui, Dr Taylor, then TB officer in the Department of Health in the course of an address said, “There are 10,000 notified cases of tuberculosis in New Zealand, but in only 30 percent of cases has the tubercle bacillus been demonstrated.” He could not see that this is because in only 30 percent of cases is the bacillus present.

The following example shows how wide of the mark self-appointed bug-wallahs can be. Others examples just as striking could be provided.

When Trix wrote to us, she was suffering from tuberculosis of the lower three vertebrae of her spine. Months before, she had undergone an ‘Albee’ operation in which a segment of bone is cut from a shin bone and transplanted along the spine in the hope of keeping it straight. Six months later a massive abscess had been evacuated from under one buttock. Now she was worse than ever. The lower vertebrae were eroded and tumbled out of alignment. The nation's foremost specialist declared, “*There is only one thing for it, you will have to be put in a plaster of Paris case from your neck to your knees.*”

For how long? “*Twelve months at least, probably eighteen months, and quite likely two years.*” And then the shattering pronouncement, “*and there is no alternative.*”

In despair Trix appealed to us. But having no means of telling how she might react to us or our ideas, we could offer no firm undertaking. Following our suggestion she came to one of our Homes. Would we have let her if we'd known how she bad was?

Her X-rays showed the lower three vertebrae eroded and out of alignment. Her pelvis was twisted on her spine. Her back was bent. Her walk was a shuffle of a few inches at a time. And her face was drawn with pain.

When she had been put to bed I came to investigate. After a while she raised herself on one elbow, looked straight at me and demanded, “Are you trying to tell me that something in my mind could do that to my body?”

I replied, “No dear, I'm trying to convince you that that IS what has happened.” Long silence.

Then she said, “Very well. I'll tell you something I've never told anyone.”

Her people had been small farmers, and she was their only child. She had been her father's special pet and mother was jealous. This had thrown father and daughter still closer together. At last when Trix was 17, mother's hate worked, as hate often does (beware violent emotions) and her father was attacked by a bull in his daughter's presence, knocked down, gored, and trampled on. Trix put up a brave show. She beat the bull off with a hay fork, but not in time. Her father

died from his injuries.

There was little equity in the farm, and mother and daughter moved to the city, where Trix had to do sewing to help out. Instead of growing more tolerant, mother became more bitter and vindictive than ever. At last Trix could stand it no longer. She prayed that God would send her some illness that would take her out of it all. And that, she remembered, was when the trouble in her spine began.

“Yes,” she reflected, “but what am I to do?”

“Write to your mother,” I advised. “Tell her you know how the family unhappiness came about. That you realise you were partly to blame, but that when you get home you mean to make up for your share.”

Trix could hardly wait to begin her letter. The next day she was walking as straight as I.

She picked up quickly, and before long was walking five miles a day. At the end of six weeks I had her examined by another surgical specialist. After complete investigation, including X-rays, came his verdict: “There has been some trouble at the base of her spine, but it is perfectly healed. She can do as she likes.”

So for her last two weeks in our Home she did as she liked – press-ups, cartwheels, and hand springs. Plainly, she was wearing silk (not plaster) from well below her neck to a long way above her knees.

She was warned when she went home to keep away from doctors and ‘friends’. They can be dangerous.

Eight years later, my wife and I were outside the Post Office in Rotorua when a young woman came charging across the road and bailed us up. “Do you know who I am?” she asked. “I’m Trix.”

When I’d got my breath back I asked, “And how have you been all this time?”.

“Doctor,” she exulted, “I’ve never had ache or pain since the day I entered your Home.”

URGENT WARNING. The bug wallahs in the Department of Disease are out to compel everyone in New Zealand to submit to periodic X-rays for TB. They want to rule on the X-ray films, order treatment, and at their pleasure, take and keep you out of circulation. Worse than compulsory fluoridation!

Explosive healing

When Mrs Dawson arrived from the south, she was certainly ill. At age 53 she looked a sick 75.

"I've got cancer," she groaned, "they were going to operate and I couldn't stand it. I know it will kill me."

"Where is the growth?" I asked.

"In my breast," she replied.

"Well, better let me see it."

Slowly she undid her garments. Thin to the point of emaciation she had no breast, only a fold of skin with, sticking out half way down, a lump the size of half a lemon and as hard as a green pear.

It has been stressed in these articles that the real disease is often a powerful negative emotion, the form it takes outwardly being determined by some impression that has got, or been put into the unconscious (creative) mind.

Knowing this and noting her miserable appearance I enquired, "Have you been afraid of such a trouble?"

She replied, "I've lived in horror of it ever since my mother and my elder sister died of it."

So there you have it. A violent destructive emotion of fear, given form by vivid visual impressions. "*I feared a fear,*" confessed Job, "*and it came upon me.*"

But that wasn't all, her house had been burnt to the ground with every stick and sliver she possessed, and her only son had been smashed to a pulp in a motorbike accident. "I always knew that would happen," Mrs Dawson had been in the habit of predicting.

"*Thou shalt decree a thing,*" warned Job's friend to Job, "*and it shall be established unto thee.*"

Beware! Individually and nationally we are pretty much what our primary impulses and unconscious recorded impressions have made us, modified only to the degree that developing intelligence (which is a faculty of Spirit) has been able to take over control.

Meanwhile the Cancer Campaign and authority in general, squander endless time and vast sums of money, saturating the mass mind with terrifying emotions and pictures of disease.

Mrs Dawson's problem was obvious enough. Her palsied fear must be overcome. But panic stricken victims cannot 'not fear'. They must be induced to trust and live as if the 'God Power' of which we are all constructed and by which we are all actuated, can be relied on literally, to control and direct us, to keep us well, to supply our needs, to replace disease with ease, and to restore order instead of disorder.

Mrs Dawson could stay in our Home only three weeks. Just 21 days to effect a revolutionary change in a spiritually unborn baby. Had she any ideas on religion I asked.

"Oh yes," she claimed, "I'm a Christian, and I have perfect faith in God."

Well, well! Here she is tearing herself to shreds and tatters with fear, and supposing that because she attends some church, and makes the appropriate noises, she has faith! While wherever she goes, she broadcasts pessimism and hopeless despondency.

After a fortnight of futile striving, the problem was still how to implant a positive conception of Life. She was a wet blanket in the Home and the other patients were being affected. (We all are, by one another, for good or ill.) At last, in some trepidation, I decided to try dynamite. To open a road for truth by blasting out her, seemingly immovable fears.

Next morning I went straight to her, and with a menacing expression, "Please go to your room. I have something to say to you."

In her room I shut the door sharply. "Sit there," I ordered, and drew up a chair opposite her.

"Now," I blazed, "you are going to get what's been coming to you this last 30 years, you rotten old hypocrite, creeping round this lovely world spreading gloom and despair. Calling yourself a Christian and bringing the name of Christ into stinking disrepute wherever you go. People look at you and shudder. "If that's a Christian," they say, "thank God I'm a pagan."

For several minutes I roasted her, until it was evident she'd had enough. Then I left, slamming the door behind me, BANG.

"If that doesn't fix her," I said to myself, "she has probably had it." I was even feeling a bit shaken myself.

Next morning at the Home I could see her 50 yards away across the lawn. What a transformation! The difference between a gathering storm on a winter's night, and a glorious spring morning.

"I see you've given in," I ventured quietly.

"I couldn't help it," she confessed. "I never slept a wink all night. At 5am I couldn't stand it any longer. I got up, knelt by my bed and gave up all my fears to God."

"God bless you darling," I said, "then you are healed." I could have kissed her shoes.

It had been a calculated risk. If she had not responded she might have gone to pieces altogether. This method is to be resorted to only with discrimination. But it is a fact that some of our most conspicuous successes have come about through its use.

For the remaining week Mrs Dawson was the life and light of the Home. She was a different person. The day before she left I asked about the growth.

"I don't know," she admitted, "I haven't given it a thought."

At my request, in her room, she let me examine the breast. There was no sign of the growth. It had gone completely.

Twelve months later she wrote, "I have just completed the happiest year I have ever known." And further down, underlined right across the page, "And I know now that for me, disease can never exist."

Implosive healing

Mrs Benson had claims to being one of the most miserable women in New Zealand when she came to us. A widow in her late fifties, she had a lump the size of a hen's egg in her right breast. Her doctor had automatically reached for a knife. But preliminary examination disclosed that she had TB as well. So they couldn't operate.

She was of full figure, with big heavy breasts and this great hard menacing lump in one. She had been living alone since her husband died. Her life had held little to make it attractive (less than nothing she felt). She knew nothing about how to use foods, took little exercise, was badly constipated and generally in a depressed and toxic condition.

Our first task then was to get her poison-laden body detoxicated. And at the same time to present to her a conception of life more like it really is, and less as unhappy experiences had led her to believe.

Because of her lung condition, and because of her toxic state, she was put on a solely milk and orange diet to begin with, plus large daily enemas.

In a few days, an area of skin above the lump began to change colour. Mrs Benson was naturally apprehensive. But we explained that nature (or God) not us was doing the healing, and would do the job in its own time and way. Not only would she be healed we promised her, but life being God, is good, not evil or any mixture of good and evil. It works for those who work with it, and before long she would find it opening up for her in all sorts of unexpected ways.

Confidence is induced, not by preaching theological doctrines, but by kindness, and by inspiration derived from our own personal experience.

The discoloured area got darker, and finally black, and serous fluid began to leak out round the edges. To absorb it, Sister had to apply thick wads of cotton wool. At the end of three weeks when the wad was removed one morning, the whole black mass with the lump in the middle of it, was sticking to the wool, leaving a hole you could have put your fist in, right down to the chest wall. But no pain, no discomfort whatever.

The gap was drawn together with strips of sticking plaster, and gauze to absorb the now scanty discharge. Six weeks from the day Mrs Benson came, the breast was healed. All that was left was a linear scar, such as a surgeon might have made.

Just as remarkable was the rapid clearing up of the TB lung condition. She was in our Home 10 weeks. A year later she wrote, "*I am amazingly well, and the neighbours marvel as I go swinging up the hill, my happy heart singing for joy.*"

What or who healed her? Not three weeks on milk! And certainly not we. I have never seen a comparable happening. I do not know how it was done.

But when the Life Spirit, the Christ was on earth in human form He did hundreds of such healings, and later many more, using his human followers to work through. That's who did it. And I am privileged that in this case, and hundreds of others, I was privileged to play a part.

An interview with Mrs Weir, matron of the Hikurangi Old People's Home where Dr and Mrs Williams lived their last years

(I asked Mrs Weir what memories of Dr Williams she could share with me.)

When they had to give up their home in Wicksteed Street and come to live at Hikurangi, it was a terrible step. They had to give up their fine old home and almost live in one room. I gave Mrs Williams a bigger room than the others. Dr Williams had to have a room at the end of the wing. I tried to get the lady in the next room to swap with Mrs Williams but she wouldn't. When I apologised to Mrs Williams that I couldn't give her an adjoining room, she was quite pleased, "*because U.G. snores.*" She called him U.G. (his initials). He always called her, "*My pretty lady.*"

They used to go out every day, down town, perhaps for a cup of coffee. He would drive his car. This went on for a long time.

When they came, we thought meals would be a problem. We couldn't give them special food. There were 40 residents and they had to be treated like the others. I believe in trying to provide the right foods and we did try to help them in that way. He used his own bread, a wholemeal loaf made to his recipe by a baker. Apart from that, he used the foods we provided and never complained. But as far as our food was concerned, he used to tell me that I was, "*A failure, just a failure.*"

The day Mrs Williams died, he was in bed with the flu. She went to town and came home terribly tired. During dinner she got up and left the room, which was rare for her.

I didn't want to appear over-anxious, so I went out by another door and asked the cook if she had seen her. She had taken a glass of milk and gone to the doctor's room. I followed to get his tray, but mainly because I was concerned about her. The milk in the glass she held was spilling, and being ill, the doctor was getting agitated.

I said to her, "Put it on the tallboy dear."

She said, "I am so tired. I am worrying everybody. I think I'll go and have a sleep," and she did so.

At three o'clock I went to see if she was awake, and could see that she had gone. It was a terrible shock to the doctor. When I had got her fixed up nicely, he said, "I want to go and see her." I took his arm. He was unsteady on his feet. He was getting past everything by this time. He took one peep at her and told me nearly all his life story, how they had perhaps disagreed sometimes.

I said, "It's wonderful that you can remember all that. But don't worry about that, go back to bed now."

He wouldn't allow anyone at her funeral. There were only four there. He wasn't able to go. Afterwards, the first thing he asked was to move to her room. He was happy there and bought himself a desk. There he would write letters, and occasionally a letter to the paper. But he worried after a while and became uneasy about things.

I said, "If you don't feel well, spend a day in bed."

I used to go to him myself in the morning to make his bed, and give him a wash and put him back to bed.

The two Christmases I was there, he sent me a Christmas card with a donation in it, and wouldn't let me refuse. The first card said, "To the best matron in New Zealand." The next year it said, "Still the best matron in New Zealand or Aussie." I thought perhaps next year it will be 'the best in the world'. But he gradually got worse, and a bit difficult. I left before he died. I had an accident and had to give up. When I turned 70 I thought it was time to go, but I grieved about leaving.

He loved his Bible and loved reading it. One day he was looking for a quotation and couldn't find it for a long time. I wish you could have seen the look on his face the day he found it. It was lovely to behold.

In 1971 one of our old ladies, Mrs Knowles compiled a booklet called 'Faith'. It had a photo of Hikurangi on the cover. She asked everyone (including me, though I had left by that time) to give a quotation from the Bible, and then she wrote a poem underneath. Dr Williams' quotation was "*Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.*" I wondered if the quotation was the one he had searched so long for and was so happy to find.

Before he died he left instructions that his ashes should be sprinkled where hers were, along Kowhai Park where they always went for a walk.

They were both delightful people. He was a darling. There was something lovely about him, he could give out love of himself. We had to try not to show preference for anyone in the home, but we all loved him dearly. I thought it was wonderful that he could adapt so well to the big change in his life. He kept himself beautifully dressed and so did she, everything perfect.

(I mentioned hearing that he did not talk to other residents much, except to say good morning or good afternoon.)

Well yes, he didn't mix much with others. But there was a Mrs Sheppard who was very fond of Mrs Williams, and they would take her to town with them when they went. When Mrs Williams died she kept him company and would go for walks with him. She was the only one really. Still he was gracious and nice to everybody, but he kept to himself."

(I asked if she had known Dr Williams in the Depression years.)

My sister was having her baby in her early 40's. She had Dr Williams to deliver it and always speaks well of him. I know several women whose babies he delivered, and they never forgot him. They speak highly of him. This was before he became a natural health doctor, but I think he always had that in his mind.

(I said to her that I had been told that, though previously he had a reputation for leading a wild life in Wanganui, he had another reputation for being extraordinarily kind to poor people.)

I thought you would hear that he had a reputation. When his wife died, this is what he told me about. But I said, just forget all about that part. You were lovely to her afterwards. I was thinking of the way he always called her "my pretty lady." They were a lovely pair really. Whatever happened, he put it right afterwards.

(Someone said his son Peter had taken up his work now.)

Peter came back to New Zealand before he died, and I am glad he came when he did, because they could chat away and he could tell Peter of all his wishes. Peter said to me, "If he passes away in the near future, I won't come again." It was wise that he came when the doctor was able to talk to him, and he passed away very quietly.

In running the Home, my policy was three things, good food, warmth, and love. These are the essentials for old people.

I have never worried about getting up at night, sometimes to the doctor. He didn't say much, but he would have it in his face. He could alter that face. If he was annoyed you could see it. But

if he was pleased, his face was brilliant. There was something about him, I don't know what it was. He could give out love to anybody, but if anyone didn't please him, he could tell them straight.

He had a stroke and they put him in hospital. I visited him there and he begged me to take him home to Hikurangi. I asked the doctor, who said he wasn't well enough, he might even die that day. He didn't, he came back again. But he had to sell his car. In the end I think he just gradually faded away.

We all held him in the highest regard in the home. I think he was before his time. He will be talked about long after he has gone. I said to him, "Your time is coming."

Dr William's habit of 'telling people straight'

I heard the following story (Brenda Sampson):

A woman came from New Plymouth to consult him. She couldn't stop coughing, she coughed incessantly. Probably she was worried that she had tuberculosis. Until antibiotics were discovered TB was usually fatal. People feared it as they do cancer today.

When she sat down opposite him, the doctor told her abruptly to, "*Stop coughing.*" She was so angry, she took the consultation fee (a ten shilling note) out of her purse, put it on the table, marched out, and drove home to New Plymouth. When she was telling her husband her story, she suddenly laughed and said, "But do you know, I haven't coughed since!"

Ulric Williams' thoughts on medical practice and drugs

Medical doctors

At the close of the 20th century, most people regard orthodox medical doctors as the fount of wisdom and knowledge. This hasn't always been so. A biography entitled "The Sun King" about King Louis XIV who lived in the 17th century talks about the doctors at his court. They were so bad, that children referred to them usually died. If the child of a courtier became ill, the mother would keep it a secret in case the king sent one of his doctors to treat the child.

Dr Williams did not condemn medical doctors, many of whom are dedicated people only doing what they have been taught. He condemned the medical system and medical education, both dominated nowadays by the drug industry.

A Wellington mother said, "The trouble with the medical profession is that they are so stuck in one line, if it doesn't work they don't know anything else."

A medical doctor joined our Allergy/Hyperactivity/ADD association because she had two little daughters who were both allergic to milk. She said, *"All through my medical training I felt there was something missing, but I didn't know what it was. After contacting you I now know what it was."*

Ulric Williams believed that medications are toxic to the body, unnecessary, and lead to chronic diseases which are now the curse of our country.

A British allergist John Mansfield, in a recent book "The Asthma Epidemic" quotes a 19th century doctor Constantine Hering who taught that *"suppression of acute symptoms causes symptomatology of chronic diseases."*

A doctor at Wellington Medical School said, *"Biochemistry is a new science. What we know about human biochemistry is only a scratch on the surface compared with what we don't know."*

A doctor at Dunedin Medical School said, *"Only about 3% of human biochemistry is understood."*

Most medical drugs are chemicals foreign to the body. It is logical to assume that our body needs the chemicals it is made of for repair and maintenance. If so little is known about its operations, how can any foreign chemical be regarded as non-toxic?

A mother said, *"My son works as a drug sales representative. He has to know all the side effects of every drug, and have them at his fingertips. He will not take any drug himself, not even an aspirin."*

The journal "Pharmacy Today", March 1995, published a chart provided by the Roche drug company. It is entitled "Medication that depletes vitamin and mineral levels." The chart lists various types of medication, and the vitamins and minerals that are depleted by the medications and should therefore be replaced by supplements.

A body that is struggling to excrete poisons, uses up vitamins and minerals in the process. Could it be that medical drugs deplete vitamins and minerals because the medications are toxic and harmful?

There is a modern American doctor Patch Adams, who agrees with Ulric Williams that happiness is essential to health. He regards humour and clowning and laughter as important

medical tools. He is the author of a book entitled “Gesundheit” (meaning ‘Health’). Hoping to work in a field where he could serve the community, Adams studied medicine. But was so shocked by the examples of greed and selfishness that he saw during his training, that when he graduated, he and some friends opened a hospital in a large old house and offered free medical service to anyone who requested it.

What did they use for money? They each contributed funds from part-time work elsewhere. Adams worked for a month each year as a specialist doctor in a psychiatric hospital and was very well paid for this. They lived frugally and did not need to spend money on insurance against malpractice because no one ever accused them of it. If they were ever desperate for funds, Adams would ring a local millionaire and ask for a donation. They ran the hospital for eleven years without charging anyone a penny.

Adams is now raising funds to build his ideal hospital in West Virginia. They have already purchased 650 acres in a beautiful valley and put up two buildings. Another three will follow.

He believes that most human beings are lonely, frightened, or bored and that this unhappiness is the cause of most disease.

Besides offering free medical service, the hospital will have facilities for enjoying singing, music, dance, drama, art, crafts, sports, organic gardening, humour and fun and laughter and companionship.

Their website is www.patchadams.org.

Screening tests to reduce disease.

About 1970 I read that for 10 years Sweden had been giving free screening tests for cervical cancer to every woman in Sweden, but they had now stopped doing so because the death rate had not declined, it had increased.

Ulric Williams believed that fear is a major cause of disease. It is very frightening to be told that one has cancer. Stress damages the immune system and probably the worst stress is fear.

Dr. Williams also thought that screening is dangerous, because it focuses the mind on disease and not on health.

It would help if people with a positive test were told, “Don’t be frightened. This is very small, but is a warning sign that your lifestyle is unhealthy and some changes are needed. Your diet needs to be at least half organic raw vegetables and fruit. You need to exercise in fresh air instead of exercising a motor car. You need to reduce stress by learning to meditate, and to use positive thoughts to throw out fear.”

Wouldn’t it be wonderful if instead of disease oriented hospitals, there were Health Homes like Ulric Williams’ ones, that would help people to learn to do these things?

In conclusion

The most important thing I have gained from Ulric Williams is his concept of the loving kindness of God. He taught that:

1. God's help is always available.
2. God wants us to be happy.
3. God does not want us to make ourselves sick and miserable with fear and resentment.
4. God wants us to enjoy our life.

I am happy to have at last completed this book, honouring a wise and honourable doctor. I am pleased to be making the pioneering work of Ulric Williams more widely known.

My hope is that readers will benefit from his insight, and that they may cure themselves without medical drugs which may be poisoning them, and that they may pass on this idea to others.

Books, pamphlets and articles by Ulric Williams

His first book was "Hints on Healthy Living." This was first published in 1934. It was followed by three further editions with the same title, each one revised and enlarged. These appeared between 1935 and 1939.

His last book was "Health and Healing in the New Age" a fifth revised and enlarged edition of "Hints on Healthy Living." This was published by AH & AW Reed in 1949.

The titles above are held in the Turnbull Library in Wellington. They also hold three pamphlets:

- "New Light on the Problem of Human Suffering" (1935).
- "Hospitals and Hooey or Health" (1941).
- "Health Talks: Addresses and Articles by Ulric Williams" (1948).

Ulric Williams gave public lectures in Auckland and Wellington. They were advertised in the main newspapers and the halls were packed. But the meetings were boycotted by the press. No Wellington reporters attended. In Auckland reporters from the Star and the Herald attended, but no report appeared in either paper.

Ulric Williams was a prolific writer of articles for the public and it seems that newspapers and journals in the 30's and 40's were eager to publish them. A series of articles appeared in the NZ Radio Times, NZ Mirror, Wanganui Herald, and Democracy.

Some of the periodicals containing Ulric Williams' articles are held in the Turnbull Library. Many photocopies are held by the Wanganui Regional Library, Queens Park, Wanganui in their Heritage Collection. Their address is Private Bag 3005, Wanganui.

The End

Thank you very much for reading our book!

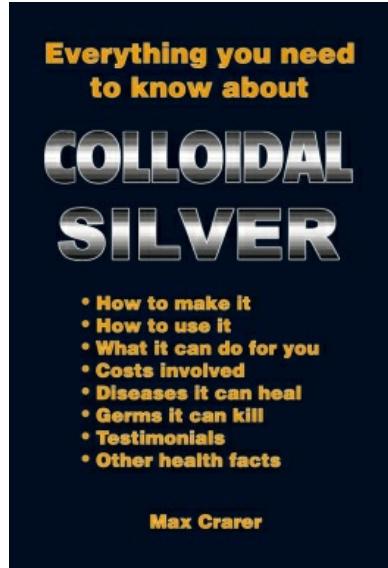
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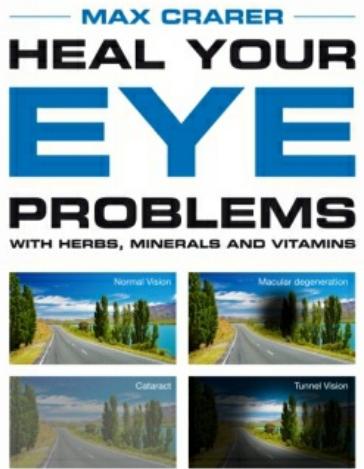
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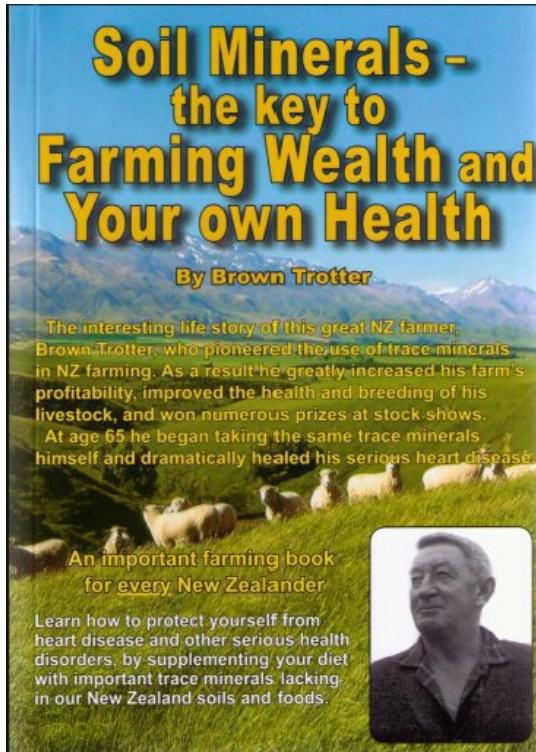


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